
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

MAY, 1801.

SKETCH
OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF
WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

Enriched with a capital Portrait in Colours.

My native nook of earth ! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness—and none more than mine !

IN the course of our biographical labours, it has fallen to our lot to delineate a vast variety of characters. We have seen the *statesman* holding the reins of empire, the *divine* expatiating on subjects of the highest importance, and the *literary man* devising his schemes and executing his purposes for the instruction and entertainment of mankind. We are now, however, called to contemplate a very singular phenomenon. Mr. Cowper possessed excellent talents—was blessed with the most flattering connections—and yet was subject to the greatest evil that can afflict humanity. His history, indeed, imparts lessons of improvement—it affords the strongest incentives for caution and humility.

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq. was born at Berkhamstead, in the county of Herts, about the year 1730, and his family had been long distinguished, both for

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their talents and virtues, having attained to the greatest respectability. Lord Chancellor Cowper was one of his ancestors—by the remove of only three generations. His celebrity is well known to every intelligent lover of his country. The father of our poet held the living of Berkhamstead—and appears to have been a man of amiable manners and strict integrity. The mother died at an early period—a circumstance which her son lamented in strains of affecting sensibility. Gray, the author of the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*, was similarly circumstanced—and displayed similar tokens of filial affection. These traits of feeling, on so tender an occasion, reflect great credit on their memory.

Mr. Cowper, at the usual age, was sent to Westminster school, where he made an astonishing progress in his classical studies. How long he continued at this famous seminary we cannot tell, but certain it is, that the bustle of a public-school was ill suited to the modesty of his disposition. Whether he was disgusted with the overbearing conduct of the elder scholars, or whether he thought such a situation injurious to moral improvement, it is not in our power to say—but he, from that period, conceived a dislike to almost every kind of publicity. In consequence of this prejudice, he never visited college—and in other ways supplied the defect of his education. His aversion to large schools, which he acquired during his stay at Westminster, is thus pointedly marked in the conclusion of his *Tirocinium, or Review of Schools*.

Wouldst thou, possessor of a flock, employ
(Appris'd that he is such) a careless boy,
And feed him well, and give him handsome pay,
Merely to sleep, and let them run astray?
Survey our schools and colleges, and all,
A sight not much unlike my simile.
From education, as the leading cause,
The public character its colour draws,
Thence do prevailing manners take their cast,
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste;
And tho' I would not advertise them yet,
Nor write on each—*This building to be let,*

Unless the world were all prepar'd to embrace
A plan well worthy to supply their place,
Yet backwards as they are, and long have been,
To cultivate and keep the MORALS clean,
(Forgive the crime) I wish them, I confess,
Or better manag'd, or encourag'd less.

Mr. C. is by no means singular in his sentiments on this subject. Other writers on education, have expressed themselves equally strong respecting the tendency of large public seminaries—where the attention of the master cannot be great, and where exist the strongest temptations to the violation of morality.

When Mr. C. reached maturity—having previously entered himself at the Temple, by way of preparation—he was appointed clerk to the house of lords. With the particular duties of this office we are unacquainted. However, we are informed, that it requires at least an occasional appearance before the house—and this proved an insurmountable objection. Overpowered with this circumstance, he became extremely miserable, and, it is said, even attempted to put an end to his existence. So acute were his feelings—so violent his sensations on this occasion. From this time, having relinquished his situation, he sought and courted the shade of privacy. The melancholy, however, of his temper, was by no means removed. The same sombrous hue continued to darken his prospects of futurity.

About this period he became more particularly intimate with the late Mr. Madan, of the Lock Hospital, from whom he imbibed the principles of Methodism, and which were intended to soothe the perturbed state of his mind. For a time he was better—and gave way to emotions of joy. This cheerful interval was of short continuance—he relapsed into his usual state of melancholy—which remained, in a less or greater degree, through life. Indeed, *his* was a most pitiable case—it is impossible that we can read the particulars of his indisposition, without the sincerest commiseration. He cherished the idea that *he* was forsaken by his Creator—though he was admired for

the purity of his morals, and the steadiness of his integrity. In one of his poems, speaking of his mother and father having arrived at the mansions of glory, he pours forth the following lines :—

But *me*, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distress;
Me, howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
 Sails ript, seams open'ing wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force,
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 But oh! the thought that *thou* art safe, and *he*,
 That thought is joy—arrive what may to me!

In another part of his poems, he draws an affecting picture of himself in these words—too remarkable not to be introduced to the notice of our readers :

Look, where he comes—in this embower'd alcove,
 Stand close conceal'd, and see a statue move,
 Lips busy and eyes fix'd, foot falling slow,
 Arms hanging idly down, hands clasp'd below,
 Interpret to the marking eye distress,
 Such as its *symptoms* can alone express!
 That tongue is silent now; that silent tongue
 Could argue once, could jest, or join the song,
 Could give advice, could censure, or commend,
 Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.
 Renounc'd alike its office and its sport,
 Its brisker and its graver strains fall short;
 Both fail beneath a fever's secret sway,
 And like a summer's brook, are past away.
 This is a sight for pity to peruse,
 Till she resemble faintly what she views,
 Till sympathy contract a kindred pain,
 Pierc'd with the woes that she laments in vain!

The reader, though he cannot fail of commiserating the condition of our poet, yet will be surprised to find that, amidst all this distress, he applied to his literary studies with uncommon avidity. In his lucid intervals he composed his *Task*, and other poems, with which the public has been so greatly and justly delighted. We forbear to enter into the merits of this charming

poem, because it has been the subject of a series of *Reflectors* in our Miscellany, for near a twelvemonth past. There we explained the design of the author, and selected those passages which recommend themselves by their beauty and originality. His *Task*, in six books, embraces an astonishing variety of subjects—and will hand down his name to distant generations. So much benevolence and piety, united to so great a portion of taste and genius, claim our highest admiration. Few poems were more universally read, and few more warmly admired. COWPER, all at once, from his recluse abode, burst upon the world with a peculiar effulgence, and will continue to shine with an unclouded glory!

Mr. Cowper also produced a *Translation of Homer*, in blank verse, which does great credit to his judgment and ability. It was published in two quarto volumes—many of the notes were furnished by Mr. Fuseli, the famous painter—this work, report says, has undergone various important emendations. It is truly wonderful that the translator could prosecute so great an undertaking, considering the state of mind under which it was accomplished.

Mr. C. at one time, lived with Dr. Cotton, at St. Albans—then resided with Mr. Unwin, at Huntingdon—and lastly took up his abode at Olney, where he formed an acquaintance with the Rev. John Newton, who ushered his poems into the world. In his introductory preface, Mr. N. gives this sketch of the author—"It is very probable these poems may come into the hands of some persons in whom the sight of the author's name will awaken a recollection of incidents and scenes which, through length of time, they had almost forgotten. They will be reminded of *one* who was once the companion of their chosen hours, and who set out with them in early life, in the paths which lead to literary honours, to influence, and affluence, with equal prospects of success. But he was suddenly and powerfully withdrawn from those pursuits, and he left them without regret. By these steps the good hand of God, unknown to me, was provid-

ing for me one of the principal blessings of my life, a friend and a counsellor, in whose company, for almost seven years, though we were seldom seven successive waking hours separated, I always found new pleasure. A friend, who was not only a comfort to myself, but a blessing to the poor affectionate people among whom I lived."

Mr. Newton published a volume, entitled *Olney Hymns*, among which the pieces with the signature C. are Mr. Cowper's; indeed they are easily known from the rest, by their superior elegance and simplicity.

Mr. C. died on the 25th of April, 1800, at East Dereham, about twelve miles from Norwich, where he had resided for some time previous to his dissolution. Mr. Greathead, the independent minister at Olney, has published a funeral sermon for him, in which he details the rise and progress of his malady, with a minuteness gratifying to our curiosity. The account of his death shall be transcribed—"Although our beloved friend never was reconciled to his removal from this vicinity, nor even recovered that freedom in conversation which he enjoyed before his relapse, yet his health was apparently much improved within two years after he left us, and his mind was at least as strongly as ever interested in his literary employments. About twelve months since, when they became less regular, and ceased to engross his attention, his health evidently began to decline, though very gradually. He was, however, usually engaged in the composition of small pieces of poetry, and his appearance betrayed no essential alteration for the worse till the end of last January, (1800). Dropsical symptoms, which were then manifested, became daily more alarming, and his strength very rapidly decayed. Death, which he had for so long a period hourly expected, seemed scarcely to be apprehended by him, when it really approached. His young friend and relative (the Rev. John Johnson), convinced that he would shortly exchange a world of infirmity and sorrow for a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, repeatedly endeavoured to cheer him with the prospect, and to as-

sure him of the happiness that awaited him—still he refused to be comforted. “Oh spare me! spare me! you know, you *know* it to be false,” was his only reply, with the same invincible despair to which he had so long been a prey. Early on the *twenty-fifth* of April, (1800), he sunk into a state of apparent insensibility, which might have been mistaken for a tranquil slumber, but that his eyes remained half open. His breath was regular, though feeble, and his countenance and animal frame were perfectly serene. In this state he continued for twelve hours, and then expired, without moving a limb, or even heaving a breath!”

In taking a retrospective view of the character and condition of this extraordinary person, we are led to a variety of reflections. But we shall hazard only two remarks, which seem to rise out of our subject.

Our first observation relates to the *degree of understanding* which deranged individuals are found to possess. In the present instance, a striking proof is afforded us, that great strength of mind forms no ground of exemption from this sorest of human calamities. Indeed the case of Mr. Cowper resembles that of Mr. Simon Browne, a dissenting minister, of considerable learning and piety. An interesting account of this unhappy man was given to the world by Hawkesworth, in his *Adventurer*, and it excited no small attention. Having discharged the duties of the christian ministry for several years with singular ability, he, owing to some domestic calamity, became miserably oppressed in mind. He entertained an idea which nothing could ever induce him to relinquish, that his *rational soul* had deserted him. Accordingly he considered himself as a *mere animal*, capable of exercising neither prayer nor praise, being divested of all responsibility. In this state, however, he wrote an admirable treatise against infidelity—dedicated to the queen. The work itself betrayed not the least mark of a disordered mind—but on the contrary, displayed profound erudition and consummate ability. The dedication, indeed, contained a statement of his sad deprivation, where he denominates himself a *thing*, and

gravely implores the prayers of the queen and her subjects for his recovery—on this account this part was suppressed—and the treatise proved highly serviceable to the cause of christianity. Thus did he pass his latter days under this melancholy persuasion, an object to all around of pity and compassion. He died in 1732. Now the case of Mr. Cowper was not an idea that his soul was annihilated—but that it was not possible for *him* to enjoy the divine mercy. With this opinion he would never be prevailed upon to attend public worship, because, as he used to say, he was in a state of *absolute reprobation*. This was his constant declaration. Yet, in other respects, he possessed powers of mind distinguished for their energy and activity.

The other observation that occurred to us, is that, *deplorable* must the state of that mind be, who could *despair*, though no *rational* ground could be assigned for its despondency. Mr. Cowper, as well as Mr. Browne, was admired for the benevolence of his temper and the purity of his manners. All who knew them—loved them. How thankful should we be for the inestimable blessing of *HOPE*—it is the sum and substance of our present felicity. To use the words of Mr. C. himself, who knew its value by the deprivation of it—

Hope! let the wretch once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak—for he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights in thee!
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land,
That boasts the treasure all at his command,
The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine
Were light—when weigh'd against one smile of thine!

While we cherish a fervent gratitude for our elevation in the scale of being, let it be the object of our prayers, that the Deity will be pleased to *continue* us in the *enjoyment* of our mental powers till the period of dissolution. Thus shall we possess an useful and honourable station in society. And as all things here below originate in the divine bounty—so be the energies of our souls devoted to the divine service and glory!

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LI.]

WINTER MORNING WALK.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

'Tis morning—and the sun with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires th' horizon, while the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From ev'ry herb, and ev'ry spiry blade,
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.

COWPER.

THE title of this book shews the nature and variety of its contents. Its author was a fervid lover of nature—he traced her through her four seasons—relished all her scenes, and has described her most prominent features with an exquisite delicacy. Here, indeed, the foddering of cattle on a frosty morning—the woodman and his dog—the dripping poultry—and the whimsical effects of a frozen water-fall, are drawn in vivid colours, and with a characteristic beauty. The poet then launches out in praise of true liberty—slavery is, of course, justly reprobated—and freedom, temporal and spiritual, is most warmly recommended to the regard of mankind. Mr. Cowper was, in every respect, a zealous advocate for the promotion of human felicity.

The *Woodman and his Dog* form an interesting picture—it has been made the subject of the pencil—and we shall now judge of its appearance in poetry—

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of men; to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropt short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow, and now, with many a frisk,
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right towards the mark, nor stoops for aught,
But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,
T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air!

The *Ice-House*, made by the late Empress of Russia, is thus beautifully described—

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer, or of saw was there.
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd, no other cement ask'd
Than water interfus'd to make them one.
Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues
Illumin'd ev'ry side: a watry light
Gleam'd thro' the clear transparency, that seem'd
Another moon new ris'n, or meteor fall'n,
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy; tho' smooth
And slipp'ry the materials, yet frost bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well be fit
For grandeur, or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none,

Where all was vitreous, but in order due
 Convivial table and commodious seat,
 (What seem'd at least commodious seat). were there,
 Sofa and couch, and high built throne august.
 The same lubricity was found in all,
 And all was moist to the warm touch—a scene
 Of evanescent glory—once a stream,
 And soon to slide into a stream again.
 Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
 Of undesign'd severity, that glanc'd
 (Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
 On human grandeur, and the courts of kings,
 'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
 'Twas durable; as worthless as it seem'd,
 Intrinsically precious—to the foot
 Treach'rous and false—it smil'd, and it was cold!

The poet presents us with many fine passages in behalf of *Liberty*—at whose shrine he bowed with the purest devotion:—

'Tis *Liberty* alone that gives the flow'r
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
 Is evil—hurts the faculties—impedes
 Their progress in the road of science—blinds
 The eye-sight of discov'ry—and begets
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
 Bestial—a meagre intellect—unfit
 To be the tenant of MAN's noble form!

The *Patriot* and *Martyr* are thus also finely contrasted:—

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
 Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
 Receive proud recompence. We give in charge
 Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic muse,
 Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
 To latest times, and sculpture, in her turn,
 Gives bond in stone and ever during brass,
 To guard them, and t' immortalise her trust.

But fairer wreaths are due, tho' never paid,
 To those, who posted at the shrine of truth,
 Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood
 Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
 And for a time ensure to his lov'd land,
 The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
 But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
 And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
 In confirmation of the noblest claim—
 Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,
 To soar and to anticipate the skies!

These paragraphs, by their sentiment and their style, cannot fail of commanding our approbation. They are worthy of the muse of Cowper—his lyre was uniformly strung for the purpose of celebrating the high praises of virtue and piety.

MODE OF
 LIVING, MANNERS AND DIVERSIONS,
 OF THE
 EUROPEANS AT BATAVIA.

[From Stavorinus's Voyages to the East Indies.]

EUROPEANS, whether Dutch, or of any other nation, and in whatever station they are, live at Batavia nearly in the same manner. In the morning, at five o'clock, or earlier, when the day breaks, they get up. Many of them then go and sit at their doors; but others stay in the house, with nothing but a light gown, in which they sleep, thrown over their naked limbs; they then breakfast upon coffee or tea; afterwards they dress and go out, to attend to the business they may have. Almost all, who have any place or employment, must be at their proper station at, or before eight o'clock, and they remain at work till eleven,

or half past. At twelve they dine ; take an afternoon's nap till four, and attend to their business again till six, or take a tour out of the city in a carriage. At six o'clock they assemble in companies, and play, or converse, till nine, when they return home ; whoever chooses to stay to supper is welcome ; and eleven o'clock is the usual hour of retiring to rest. Convivial gaiety seems to reign among them, and yet it is linked with a kind of suspicious reserve, which pervades all stations and all companies, and is the consequence of an arbitrary and jealous government. The least word that may be wrested to an evil meaning, may bring on very serious consequences, if it reach the ears of the person who is aggrieved, either in fact, or in imagination. I have heard many people assert, that they would not confide in their own brothers in this country.

No women are present at these assemblies ; they have their own separate companies.

Married men neither give themselves much concern about their wives, nor show them much regard. They seldom converse with them, at least not on useful subjects, or such as concern society. After having been married for years, the ladies are often, therefore, as ignorant of the world, and of manners as upon their wedding-day. It is not that they have no capacity to learn, but the men have no inclination to teach.

The men generally go dressed in the Dutch fashion, and often wear black.

As soon as you enter a house, where you intend to stop for an hour or more, you are desired by the master to make yourself comfortable, by taking off some of your clothes, &c. This is done by laying aside the sword, pulling off the coat and wig (for most men wear wigs here), and substituting in the

room of the last a little white night-cap, which is generally carried in the pocket, for that purpose.

When they go out on foot, they are attended by a slave, who carries a sunshade (called here *sambrel* or *payang*), over their heads; but whoever is lower in rank than a junior merchant, may not have a slave behind him, but must carry a small sunshade himself.

Most of the white women, who are seen at Batavia, are born in the Indies. Those who come from Europe at a marriageable age are very few in number. I shall therefore confine my observations to the former.

These are either the offspring of European mothers, or of oriental female slaves, who having first been mistresses to Europeans, have afterwards been married to them, and have been converted to christianity, or at least have assumed the name of christians.

The children produced by these marriages, may be known to the third and fourth generation, especially by the eyes, which are much smaller than in the unmixed progeny of Europeans.

There are likewise children, who are the offspring of Portuguese, but these never become entirely white.

Children born in the Indies are nicknamed *lip-laps* by the Europeans, although both parents may have come from Europe.

Girls are commonly marriageable at twelve or thirteen years of age, and sometimes younger. It seldom happens, if they are but tolerably handsome, have any money, or any to expect, or are related to people in power, that they are unmarried after that age.

As they marry while they are yet children, it may easily be conceived, that they do not possess

those requisites which enable a woman to manage a family with propriety. There are many of them who can neither read nor write, nor possess any ideas of religion, of morality, or of social intercourse.

Being married so young, they seldom get many children, and are old women at thirty years of age. Women of fifty, in Europe, look younger and fresher than those of thirty at Batavia. They are in general of a very delicate make, and of an extreme fair complexion; but the tints of vermilion, which embellish our northern ladies, are wholly absent from their cheeks; the skin of their face and hands is of the most deadly pale white. Beauties must not be sought amongst them; the handsomest whom I saw would scarcely be thought middling pretty in Europe.

They have very supple joints, and can turn their fingers, hands, and arms, in almost every direction; but this they have in common with the women in the West Indies, and in other tropical climates.

They are commonly of a listless and lazy temper; but this ought chiefly to be ascribed to their education, and the number of slaves, of both sexes, that they always have to wait upon them.

They rise about half past seven, or eight o'clock in the morning. They spend the forenoon in playing and toying with their female slaves, whom they are never without, and in laughing and talking with them, while a few moments afterwards they will have the poor creatures whipped unmercifully, for the merest trifle. They loll, in a loose and airy dress, upon a sofa, or sit upon a low stool, or upon the ground, with their legs crossed under them. In the mean time, they do not omit the chewing of pinang, or betel, with which custom all the Indian women are infatuated; they likewise masti-

cate the Java tobacco; this makes their spittle of a crimson colour, and when they have done it long, they get a black border along their lips, their teeth become black, and their mouths are very disagreeable, though it is pretended that this use purifies the mouth, and preserves from the tooth-ache.

As the Indian women are really not deficient in powers of understanding, they would become very useful members of society, endearing wives, and good mothers, if they were but kept from familiarity with the slaves in their infancy, and educated under the immediate eye of their parents, who should be assiduous to inculcate in their tender minds the principles of true morality and polished manners. But, alas! the parents are far from taking such a burthensome task upon themselves. As soon as the child is born, they abandon it to the care of a female slave, who generally suckles it, and by whom it is reared, till it attains the age of nine or ten years. These nurses are often but one remove above a brute, in point of intellect; and the little innocents imbibe, with their milk, all the prejudices and superstitious notions which disgrace the minds of their attendants, and which are never eradicated during the remainder of their lives, but seem to stamp them, rather with the character of the progeny of despicable slaves, than of a civilized race of beings.

They are remarkably fond of bathing and ablutions, and they make use of a large tub for this purpose, which holds three hogsheads of water, and in which they immerse their whole body, at least twice a week. Some of them do this, in the morning, in one of the running streams out of the city.

In common with most of the women in India, they cherish a most excessive jealousy of their husbands, and of their female slaves. If they discover

the smallest familiarity between them, they set no bounds to their thirst of revenge against these poor bondswomen, who, in most cases, have not dared to resist the will of their masters, for fear of ill treatment.

They torture them in various ways; they have them whipped with rods, and beat with rattans, till they sink down before them, nearly exhausted; among other methods of tormenting them, they make the poor girls sit before them in such a posture, that they can pinch them with their toes, in a certain sensible part, which is the peculiar object of their vengeance, with such cruel ingenuity, that they faint away by the excess of pain.

I shall refrain from the recital of instances, which I have heard, of the most refined cruelty practised upon these wretched victims of jealousy, by Indian women, and which have been related to me by witnesses worthy of belief; they are too repugnant to every feeling of humanity, and surpass the usual bounds of credibility.

Having thus satiated their anger upon their slaves, their next object is to take equal revenge upon their husbands, which they do in a manner less cruel, and more pleasant to themselves.

The warmth of the climate, which influences strongly upon their constitutions, together with the dissolute lives of the men before marriage, are the causes of much wantonness and dissipation among the women.

Marriages are always made at Batavia on Sundays, yet the bride never appears abroad before the following Wednesday evening, when she attends divine service; to be sooner seen in public, would be a violation of the rules of decorum.

As soon as a woman becomes a widow, and the body of her husband is interred, which is generally done the day after his decease, if she be but rich,

she has immediately a number of suitors. A certain lady, who lost her husband while I was at Batavia, had in the fourth week of her widowhood, a fourth lover, and at the end of three months she married again, and would have done it sooner if the laws had allowed of it.

Their dress is very light and airy; they have a piece of cotton cloth wrapped round the body, and fastened under the arms, next to the skin; over it they wear a shift, a jacket, and a chintz petticoat, which is all covered by a long gown, or *kabay*, as it is called, which hangs loose; the sleeves come down to the wrists, where they are fastened close, with six or seven little gold, or diamond buttons. When they go out in state, or to a company where they expect the presence of a lady of a counsellor of India, they put on a very fine muslin *kabay*, which is made like the other, but hangs down to the feet, while the first only reaches to the knees. When they invite each other, it is always with the condition of coming with the long or the short *kabay*. They all go with their heads uncovered; the hair, which is perfectly black, is worn in a wreath, fastened with gold and diamond hair-pins, which they call a *condé*; in the front, and on the sides of the head, it is stroked smooth, and rendered shining, by being anointed with cocoa nut-oil. They are particularly set upon this head-dress, and the girl who can dress their hair the most to their liking is their chief favourite among their slaves. On Sundays they sometimes dress in the European style, with stays and other fashionable incumbrances, which however they do not like at all, being accustomed to a dress so much looser, and more pleasant in this torrid clime.

When a lady goes out, she has usually four, or more, female slaves attending her, one of whom bears her betel-box. They are sumptuously adorn-

ed with gold and silver, and this ostentatious luxury the Indian ladies carry to a very great excess.

They seldom mix in company with the men, except at marriage-feasts.

The title of My Lady is given exclusively to the wives of counsellors of India.

The ladies are very fond of riding through the streets of the town, in their carriages, in the evening. Formerly, when Batavia was in a more flourishing condition, they were accompanied by musicians: but this is little customary at present, no more than rowing through the canals that intersect the town in little pleasure-boats; and the going upon these parties, which are equally enlivened by music, was called *orangbayen*.

When I came to Batavia, there was a theatre there; but it was given up before my departure.

The coaches used at Batavia are small and light. No one is restrained from keeping a carriage, but all are limited with respect to its decoration and painting. These are scrupulously regulated, according to the respective ranks. Glass windows to coaches are alone allowed to the members of the government, who have also the privilege of painting or gilding their carriages agreeable to their own taste.

It is ordained, that a slave shall run before every wheel-carriage, with a stick in his hand, in order to give notice of its nearness, and prevent all accidents; for the streets not being paved, the approach of the carriage cannot be otherwise easily perceived.

A yearly tax is paid to the company for keeping a carriage; but most people hire one, at the rate of sixty-six dollars a month, of the licensed stable-keepers, by whom the duty is paid. Counsellors of India, and a few others of the company's upper servants, are exempted from it.

Sedan-chairs are not in use here. The ladies, however, sometimes employ a conveyance, that is somewhat like them, and is called a *norimon*. This is a kind of box, narrower at the top than the bottom, and carried by a thick bamboo pole, fastened over the top. They sit in it, with their legs crossed under them, and have then just room enough to sit upright, without being seen.

For the Monthly Visitor.

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION,

A TALE, BY A. K.

Example strikes where precept fails,
For sermons are less read than tales.

I AM not going to enquire whether moral depravity is more general, virtue more frequently oppressed, or vice held in less detestation, than at any former period of time. It appears to me, that vice and error have ever held almost unlimited dominion over the human race, and shackled, by their morbid influence, the best feelings of the soul; to resist the allurements of vice, when arrayed in the seductive habiliments of pleasure, and assuming the soft voice of invitation, is, perhaps, a task of some difficulty. Yet, my young readers, think, before you give your minds up to the dangerous and transient enjoyment of sense, that vice, if not early resisted, is seldom subdued. I shall endeavour to prove the truth of my assertion by a melancholy tale—no fiction—but a serious and unfortunate fact.

Frederick Lawson was the only son of a good, but indigent family, who, relying on the promise of friends, educated him for the church. On quitting college, a maternal aunt invited him to take up his residence with her, until he could be otherwise pro-

vided for; a friend of hers was a dignitary in the church, and he had assured her that he would attend to the interest of her nephew; relying on this promise, and extremely anxious for his future welfare, Mrs. Freeman generously supplied him with the means of mixing with such society as his family connections and future expectations entitled him to. In the presence of the young, the gay, and the dissipated, he too frequently forgot the sanctity of that character he was intended to occupy; pleasure opened her thousand sources, and he freely drank of the inebriating draught; and, if conscience, sometimes in a casual pause from folly, attempted to be heard, her voice was silenced by the sneer of ridicule, the clamour of fashion, or the force of example.

The winter, for it was autumn when he arrived in London, passed rapidly away, spring advanced, and the bishop, who was about to retire to his episcopal seat, summoned Frederick to attend him there as domestic chaplain; he soon found himself very agreeably situated—he was treated by his patron with great kindness, and by his family with respect. Two young gentlemen, nephews of the prelate, were entrusted to his care; they were lively good-humoured boys, who soon became very strongly attached to him, for his manners were both pleasant and insinuating. In the excursions which he daily made with his pupils, in the vicinity of the Priory, they, by their uncle's orders, used to call frequently among the peasantry, to view their manner of life, enquire into their wants, and make little presents among the children. In one of these benevolent rambles, they were smitten by the appearance of a cottage, which, for neatness and rusticity; seemed to emulate the simplicity of ancient days, a low hedge of sweet-briar and hawthorn, carefully trimmed, separated it from a wild and extensive common, around which was scattered a few straggling hamlets; the garden, which fronted the cottage, was not extensive, but prettily laid out in small beds of flowers, shrubs, and odoriferous herbs, which mixing their sweets with the wild thyme that grew profusely on the heath,

gave a balmy fragrance to the air, and an exhilarating sensation to the heart; up the white front of the cottage, the luxuriant honeysuckle mixed its pliant tendrils with those of the vine; near the door stood an antique elm, whose bold projecting branches denoted that it had flourished there long before the present inhabitants of the cottage had been called into being, a rustic seat of turf was formed beneath it, on which sat a young woman knitting, and caroling a sweet and plaintive ditty, unconscious of being observed. Frederick opened a wicket, which led through the garden to the cottage, without thinking that he might possibly obtrude on persons who wished to remain unknown; the idea occurred just as he had reached the tree, it was then too late to recede, as his appearance had alarmed the young woman, who threw down her work in confusion, and hastily retired; at the same time a neat old woman, of chearful aspect, advanced from the cottage, and civilly invited them to enter, this they declined, but seating themselves without ceremony beneath the tree, began to talk with the old lady, who was very communicative on the situation of her family. They learnt that she was grandmother to the young woman they had seen, whose father was recently deceased, he had occupied a small farm, which they at his death, for want of friends to assist them, had been obliged to quit. Maria, so was the young woman called, had one brother, a bold eccentric lad, who quitted home in disgust after the death of his father, and entered himself for a sailor on board a king's ship; they were in great anxiety for his safety, and utterly unacquainted with his present destination, though they knew he had left England.

Frederick asked what ship he was on board of—the Lion, answered the grandmother. Frederick promised to make enquiries where the Lion was stationed, and likewise to gain intelligence whether the ship had been in action since her grandson had been on board. This condescending goodness quite charmed the unsuspecting cottager, she eagerly called Maria to come forward, who, advancing with timidity,

was informed of the kindness of the good young gentleman, and desired to gather him the best nosegay the garden afforded. With this request she complied, and mixing the flowers with taste and judgment, presented each with a small *bouquet*; they soon after departed, leaving the cottagers much impressed in their favour.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT OF THE HOTTENTOTS.

(From Barrow's Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa.)

TWENTY years ago, if we may credit the travellers of that day, the country beyond Camtoos river, which was then the eastern limit of the colony, abounded with kraals or villages of Hottentots, out of which the inhabitants came to meet them by hundreds in a group. Some of these villages might still have been expected to remain in this remote and not very populous part of the colony. Not one, however, was to be found. There is not in the whole extensive district of Graaff Reynet, a single horde of independent Hottentots; and perhaps not a score of individuals who are not actually in the service of the Dutch. These weak people, the most helpless, and, in their present condition, perhaps, the most wretched of the human race, duped out of their possessions, their country, and finally out of their liberty, have entailed upon their miserable offspring a state of existence to which that of slavery might bear the comparison of happiness. It is a condition, however, not likely to continue to a very remote posterity. The name of Hottentot will be forgotten, or remembered only as that of a deceased person of little note. Their numbers of late years have ra-

pidly declined. It has generally been observed, that wherever Europeans have colonized, the less civilized natives have always dwindled away, and at length totally disappeared. Various causes have contributed to the depopulation of the Hottentots. The impolitic custom of hording together in families, and of not marrying out of their own kraals, has no doubt tended to enervate this race of men, and reduced them to their present degenerated condition, which is that of a languid, listless, phlegmatic people, in whom the prolific powers of nature seem to be almost exhausted. To this may be added their extreme poverty, scantiness of food, and continual dejection of mind, arising from the cruel treatment they receive from an inhuman and unfeeling peasantry, who having discovered themselves to be removed to too great a distance from the seat of their former government to be awed by its authority, have exercised, in the most wanton and barbarous manner, an absolute power over these poor wretches, reduced to the necessity of depending upon them for a morsel of bread. There is scarcely an instance of cruelty said to have been committed against the slaves in the West India islands, that could not find a parallel from the Dutch farmers of the remote parts of the colony towards the Hottentots in their service. Beating and cutting them with thongs of the hide of the sea-cow, or rhinoceros, is a gentle punishment, though these sort of whips, which they call *shambos*, are most horrid instruments, tough, pliant, and heavy almost as lead. Firing small shot into the legs and thighs of a Hottentot, is a punishment not unknown to some of the monsters who inhabit the neighbourhood of Camtoos river. Instant death is not unfrequently the consequence of punishing these poor wretches in a moment of rage. This is of little consequence to the farmer; for though

they are to all intents and purposes his slaves, yet they are not transferable property. It is this circumstance which, in his mind, makes their lives less valuable, and their treatment more inhuman.

In offences of too small moment to stir up the phlegm of a Dutch peasant, the coolness and tranquillity displayed at the punishment of his slave, or Hottentot, is highly ridiculous, and at the same time indicative of a savage disposition to unfeeling cruelty lurking in his heart. He flogs them, not by any given number of lashes, but by time; and as they have no clocks, nor substitutes for them, capable of marking the smaller divisions of time, he has invented an excuse for the indulgence of one of his most favourite sensualities, by flogging them till he has smoked as many pipes of tobacco as he may judge the magnitude of the crime to deserve. The government of Malacca, according to the manuscript journal of an intelligent officer in the expedition against that settlement, has adopted the same custom of *flogging by pipes*; and the fiscal, or chief magistrate, or some of his deputies, are the smokers on such occasions.

By a resolution of the old government, as unjust as it was inhuman, a peasant was allowed to claim, as his property, till the age of five-and-twenty, all the children of the Hottentots in his service to whom he had given in their infancy a morsel of meat. At the expiration of this period, the odds are ten to one that the slave is not emancipated. A Hottentot knows nothing of his age; "he takes no note of time." And though the spirit that dictated this humane law expanded its beneficence in favour of the Hottentot, by directing the farmer to register the birth of such children as he may intend to make his slaves, yet it seldom happens, removed as many of them are to the distance of ten or twelve days journey from the Drosdy, that the

Hottentot has an opportunity of inquiring when his servitude will expire; and indeed it is a chance if he thinks upon or even knows the existence of such a resource. Should he be fortunate enough to escape at the end of the period, the best part of his life has been spent in a profitless servitude, and he is turned adrift in the decline of life (for a Hottentot begins to grow old at thirty), without any earthly thing he can call his own, except the sheep's skin upon his back.

The condition of those who engage themselves from year to year is little better than that of the others. If they have already families, they erect for them little straw huts near the farm-house. Their children are encouraged to run about the house of the peasant, where they receive their morsel of food. This is deemed sufficient to establish their claim to the young Hottentots; and should their parents, at the end of the term for which they engaged, express a desire to quit the service, the farmer will suffer them to go, perhaps turn them away, and detain their children.

Those who are unmarried and free are somewhat better in their situation than the others, though not much. The pitiful wages they agree for are stopped upon every frivolous occasion. If an ox or a sheep be missing, the Hottentot must replace them; nor would he be suffered to quit his service till he has earned the value of them. An ox, or a couple of cows, or a dozen sheep, worth forty or fifty shillings, are the usual wages of a whole year; and it frequently happens that a bill for tobacco or brandy is brought against them to the full amount.

JUBILEE

TO THE MEMORY OF

SHAKESPEARE;

FROM

MURPHY'S LIFE OF GARRICK.

(Continued from page 162, vol. 12.)

IN our first extract from this interesting work, we left our dramatic hero performing with considerable applause at the theatre in Goodman's-Fields; and, passing over many circumstances in the course of his theatrical career, we trace him to that period when he devoted his hours to the completion of a design which he had long meditated, and had much at heart. "This was," says his biographer, "to give a grand jubilee to the memory of Shakespeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, the birth-place of our great poet. At that town all hands were set to work. A boarded rotunda, in imitation of Ranelagh, was erected on the banks of the river, and many other decorations were displayed in various parts of the town. On the 5th and 6th September, a numerous concourse assembled from all parts of the country, and also from London. On the 7th, public worship was celebrated with great magnificence. As soon as the religious ceremony was over, the strangers went in crowds to read Shakespeare's epitaph over the door of the charnel at the east end of the church. At three, on the same day, the company met in the rotunda, where a handsome dinner was provided. A little after five, the musical performers ascended

the orchestra, and the songs, composed by Garrick, were sung with great applause. Garrick closed the whole with his ode, upon dedicating a building, and erecting a statue to Shakespeare, in his native city.

When the company began to rise, Foote, who sat next to this writer, said, "Murphy, let us take a turn on the banks of the Avon, to try if we can catch some inspiration." We accordingly sallied forth. Foote was no sooner seen on the margin of the river, than a crowd assembled round him. He cracked his jokes, and peals of laughter resounded all over the lawn. On a sudden, a tall man, prodigiously corpulent and unweildy, broke through the circle, richly dressed in gold-laced cloaths, in order to have conversation with a famous wit. Foote paid him several compliments, and then asked him, "Has the county of Warwick the honour of giving birth to you, sir, as well as to Shakespeare?"—"No," said the uncouth gentleman; "I come out of Essex."—"Where, Sir?"—"I come out of Essex."—"Out of Essex!" said Foote;—and who drove you?"—A loud laugh broke out at once, and the Essex traveller rushed away, with a look that spoke his resolution never to have any more intercourse with a man of wit.

On the 8th September there was a splendid ball in the rotunda, and for the following day was announced a grand procession through the town, in which the principal characters in Shakespeare's plays were to be exhibited. It happened, however, that a violent tempest of wind and rain made it impossible to put that part of the scheme into execution. The jubilee ended abruptly, and the company left the place with precipitation.

September 1769, to June 1770. The Stratford Jubilee was in October transferred to Drury-Lane.

In order to give it a dramatic form, Garrick invented a comic fable, in which the inferior people of Stratford and the visitors were represented with great pleasantry. As it was never published, an exact account is not to be expected. We remember a scene in an inn-yard, with a post-chaise standing at the remote end. When a crowd, after much diverting talk, withdrew from the place, a voice was heard from the inside of the chaise, Moody was within; he let down the blind, and, in the character of an Irishman, complained, that, not being able to get a lodging, he was obliged to sleep in his chaise. He then came forward amidst bursts of applause. King soon joined him, and they two were the life of the piece. The dialogue throughout was carried on in a vein of humour. The songs, that had been heard at Stratford, were occasionally intermixed, and the whole concluded with a grand procession, in which Shakespeare's plays were exhibited in succession, with a banner displayed before each of them, and a scene painted on the canvas to mark the play intended. A train of performers, dressed in character, followed the colours, all in dumb show acting their respective parts. Mrs. Abington, at last, in a triumphal carr, represented the comic muse. Dr. Arne's music, the magnificence of the scenery and decorations, and the abilities of the actors, conspired to establish the entertainment in the public opinion in so powerful a manner, that we are assured by a gentleman, who has a collection of the play-bills, that it was repeated no less than a hundred times in the course of the season. During the run of the piece, Garrick, on several intermediate nights, ascended a pulpit raised on the stage, and there spoke the following ode to the memory of Shakespeare, in a style of graceful elocution.

ODE

On dedicating a Building---and erecting a Statue to

SHAKESPEARE,

AT STRATFORD UPON AVON.

I.

TO what blest genius of the isle,
 Shall gratitude her tribute pay,
 Decree the festive day,
 Erect the statue, and devote the pile?
 Do not your sympathetic hearts accord,
 To own the bosom's Lord?
 'Tis he! 'tis he!—that demi-god!
 Who Avon's flow'ry margin trod;
 While sportive fancy round him flew,
 Where nature led him by the hand,
 Instructed him in all she knew,
 And gave him absolute command!
 'Tis he!—'tis he!
 The god of our idolatry!

II.

To him the song, the edifice we raise;
 He merits all our wonder, all our praise!
 Yet e're impatient joy breaks forth
 In sounds that lift the soul from earth;
 And to our spell-bound minds impart
 Some faint idea of his magic art;
 Let awful silence still the air;
 From the dark cloud, the hidden light
 Bursts tenfold bright!
 Prepare! prepare! prepare!
 Now swell at once the choral song,
 Roll the full tide of harmony along;
 Let rapture sweep the trembling strings,
 And fame expanding all her wings,
 With all her trumpet-tongues proclaim,
 The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name
 Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Shakespeare!

III.

Let the enchanting sound
 From Avon's shores resound;

Through the air
 Let it bear
 The precious freight the envious nations round !
 Though Philip's fam'd immortal son,
 Had ev'ry blood-stain'd laurel won,
 He sigh'd, that his creative word
 (Like that which rules the skies)
 Could not bid other nations rise,
 To glut his yet unsated sword :
 But when our Shakespeare's matchless pen,
 Like Alexander's sword had done with men,
 He heav'd no sigh, he made no moan ;
 Not limited to human kind,
 He fir'd his wonder-teeming mind,
 Rais'd other worlds and beings of his own !

IV.

Oh ! from his muse of fire
 Could but one spark be caught,
 Then might these humble strains aspire,
 To tell the wonders he has wrought ;
 To tell,—how sitting on his magic throne,
 Unaided and alone,
 In dreadful state
 The subject passions round him wait ;
 Whom, tho' unchain'd, and raging there,
 He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career ;
 With that superior skill,
 Which winds the fiery steed at will ;
 He gives the awful word,
 And they all foaming, trembling, own him for their
 Lord.

V.

With these his slaves he can controul,
 Or charm the soul ;
 So realiz'd are all his golden dreams
 Of terror, pity, love, and grief ;
 Tho' conscious that the vision only seems,
 The woe-struck mind finds no relief :
 Ingratitude would drop the tear,
 Cold-blooded age take fire,
 To see the thankless children of old *Lear*
 Spurn at their king and sire !

With his our reason too grows wild!
 What nature had disjoin'd,
 The poet's pow'r combin'd,
 Madness and age, ingratitude and child!

VI.

Ye guilty lawless tribe,
 Escap'd from punishment by art or bribe,
 At Shakespeare's bar appear;
 No bribing, and no shuffling there!
 His genius, like a rushing flood,
 Cannot be withstood;
 Out bursts the penitential tear;
 The look appall'd the crime reveals;
 The marble-hearted monster feels,
 Whose hand is stain'd with blood.

VII.

When our magician, more inspir'd,
 By charms, and spells, and incantations fir'd,
 Exerts his most tremendous pow'r,
 The thunder growls, the heav'n's lour,
 And to his darken'd throne repair
 The dæmons of the deep, and spirits of the air.

VIII.

But soon these horrors pass away,
 Thro' storms and night breaks forth the day;
 He smiles:—They vanish into air!
 The buskin'd warriors disappear!
 Mute the trumpets, mute the drums;
 The scene is chang'd; *Thalia* comes!
 Leading the nymph *Euphrosyne*,
 Goddess of joy and liberty!
 She and her sisters hand in hand,
 Link'd to a numerous frolic band,
 With roses and with myrtle crown'd,
 O'er the green velvet lightly bound,
 Circling the monarch of th' enchanted land.

IX.

With kindling cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
 Surrounded thus, the bard in transport lies;
 The little loves, like bees
 Clustering and climbing up his knees

His brows with roses bind;
While fancy, wit, and humour, spread
Their wings, and hover round his head,
Impregnating his mind;
Which turning soon, as soon brought forth
Not a tiny spurious birth,
But out a mountain came
A mountain of delight!
Laughter roar'd to see the sight,
And *Falstaff* was his name.
With sword and shield he puffing strides,
The joyous revel out
Receive him with a shout,
And modest nature holds her sides;
No single pow'r the deed had done,
But great and small,
Wit, fancy, humour, whim, and jest,
The huge mis-shapen heap impress'd,
And, lo!—Sir John!
A compound of 'em all,
A comic world in one;

X.

Sweet swan of Avon! ever may thy stream
Of tuneful numbers be the darling theme;
Not Thames himself, who in his silver course
Triumphant rolls along
Britannia's riches, and his force,
Shall more harmonious flow in song.
Oh! had those bards, who charm the list'ning shore
Of Cam and Isis, tun'd their classic lays,
And from their full and precious store
Vouchsaf'd to fairy-haunted Avon praise:
Nor Greek nor Roman strains would flow along
More sweetly clear, or more sublimely strong;
Nor thus a shepherd's feeble notes reveal
The weakest numbers, and the warmest zeal.

XI.

Look down, blest spirit! from above,
With all thy wonted gentleness and love;

And as the wonders of thy pen
 By heav'n inspir'd,
 To virtue fir'd
 The charm'd, astonish'd sons of men;
 With no reproach, ev'n now, thou view'st thy work,
 Where no alluring mischiefs lurk,
 To taint the mind of youth;
 Still to thy native spot thy smiles extend,
 And as thou giv'st it fame, that fame defend;
 And may no sacrilegious hand
 Near Avon's banks be found,
 To dare to parcel out the land,
 And limit Shakespeare's hallow'd ground;
 For ages free, still be it unconfin'd,
 As broad, and gen'ral, as thy boundless mind!

XII.

Can British gratitude delay
 To him, the glory of this isle,
 To give the festive day,
 The song, the statue, and devoted pile?
 To him the first of poets, best of men!
 "We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

Garrick still continued at the head of the theatre until the close of the season in June 1776. "On the 10th of that month," continues Mr. Murphy, "our English Roscius made his last bow to the public. To him it was a moment big with regret, with sorrow, and heartfelt gratitude. He was for some time inclined to end his course with the part that he at first set out with; but, upon consideration, he judged, that after the fatigue of so laborious a character as *Richard III.* it would be out of his power to utter a farewell word to the audience. He, therefore, chose the part of *Don Felix* in the comedy of *The Wonder*. He knew that he was to go through a severe trial, but he mustered up his spirits, resolved to exert himself through the night

with his utmost vigour, and shew himself, *qualis ab incepto*, a great actor to the last. Public notice was given, that the profits of the night were to be assigned to the fund for the relief of those, who should be obliged by their infirmities to retire from the stage. He prepared a prologue for the occasion, and, as it was the last he ever spoke, we have no doubt but it will be acceptable to our readers.

AN
OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MR. GARRICK,

On the 10th June, 1776.

A VET'RAN see! whose last act on the stage
Intreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead; plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow feeling makes one wond'rous kind!
Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,
When I am gone, to patronize distress,
That hope obtain'd the wish'd-for end secures,
To soothe their cares, who oft have lighten'd yours.

Shall the great heroes of celestial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine,
Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his nectar!
Shall they, who govern'd fortune, cringe and court her,
Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Belisarius, tax the pitying street,
With "*dote obolum*," to all they meet?
Shan't I who oft have drench'd my hands in gore,
Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more,
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain,
Shan't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men, who slew me, and the men I slew;
I must, I will, this happy project seize,
That those, too old and weak, may live with ease.

Suppose the babes I smother'd in the tow'r,
 By chance, or sickness lose their acting pow'r;
 Shall they, once princes, worse than all be serv'd?
 In childhood murder'd, and when murder'd, starv'd!
 Matrons half ravish'd, for your recreation,
 In age should never want some consolation:
 Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
 Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
 With grizzly beard, pale cheek, stalk up and down,
 And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown?
 Forbid it, ladies; gentlemen, forbid it;
 Give joy to age, and let 'em say—you did it.
 To you*, ye Gods! I make my last appeal;
 You have a right to judge, as well as feel;
 Will your high wisdom to our scheme incline,
 That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts may dine?
 Olympus shakes! that omen all secures;
 May ev'ry joy you give, be tenfold yours.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ENIGMA BY JOHN COLES, ANSWERED.

1. War.

CHARADE BY THE SAME.

1. Hemlock.

CHARADE BY SCOTUS.

2. Newspaper.

REBUS, BY THE SAME.

1. Visitor.

* To the Upper Gallery.

Enigmas, &c. for Solution.

[From the Masquerade.]

1.

FAR from the mansions of the great,
I boast my humble birth !
Unknown to ministers of state,
I travel o'er the earth.

With low-born peasants I am seen,
From maids of honour flown,
Who hie me to the village green,
While they approach the throne.

Companion of the gay and young,
With buxom health I vie ;
E'er on the bed from whence I sprung,
I languish, fade, and die.

If pictur'd thus you know my face,
Then straight declare my name ;
Or own you forfeit every grace,
And take me to your shame.



2.

OBSERVE my graceful form, ye-fair,
Perhaps from tears you'll not forbear,
If to your memory I recal
Some faithful friend's untimely fall.
The hero's deeds I oft record,
And sing his praise in every word.
All that remains of mortal clay,
I guard secure till that blest day,
When the last trump shall bid him rise,
And joyful mount above the skies.
From solemn scenes now hast away,
And view my polish'd form so gay ;
In silver deck'd I'm often seen,
With ornaments of lively green,
Or from japan my dress receive,
Most nicely fitted, you'll believe :

Like modern belles, my body's shape
 Does each fantastic fashion ape,
 As tall and slender, broad and squat,
 Whether the ton be slim or fat.
 A head I have, sans eyes, sans ears,
 Yet often shed I scalding tears;
 Two arms sometimes, with graceful bend,
 Which often their assistance lend,
 And of great service always prove,
 When I from place to place remove:
 Four feet I have, but never walk,
 A mouth, but ne'er was known to talk;
 Nor was ever seen to eat,
 Tho' oft I give my friends a treat.
 My favours on the rich I pour;
 To those who money lack, I'm sour.
 A nose I have, but, sad to say!
 'Tis tweak'd and pinch'd so every day,
 You'd think it must be black and blue,
 Or twisted till 'twas like a screw.
 Should you desire to know my age,
 Peruse some old historic page;
 For to the Romans I was known,
 Who form'd me from a massy stone:
 But here I'll stop, and say no more,
 No doubt you've found me out before.



3.

He that in music takes delight,
 And he that sleeps secure by night,
 And he that from snug harbour sails,
 And he that's conversant in gaols,
 And he that much in tavern spends,
 And he that courts of law attend,
 He that explains heraldic signs,
 And he that deals in silver mines,—
 These are my several acquaintance;
 I am an obstacle and hindrance.

CHARADES.

1.

WHEN darkness reigns, and north winds blow,
And winter wraps the world in snow,
My first its friendly ray imparts,
To chase chill care, and cheer our hearts :
My next, by intricacies odd,
Secures the miser's golden god :
My whole, alas ! while one it saves,
Sends many to untimely graves.



2.

My first by learning's sons is greatly prized :
My second's reptile state provokes disdain :
My whole's a being by the fair despised,
Made by my first conceited, pert, and vain.



3.

Oft has my first with noble blood been dy'd :
As oft hath humbled my poor second's pride :
My whole's a title each dull bard may claim.
Who by a quaint enigma grasps at fame.



4.

My first we do whenever we try
Good rules to keep in memory :
My next's a dwelling, Scripture says,
Where men repos'd in ancient days :
My whole (though rare on earth to find)
Denotes a calm unruffled mind.



5.

My first spreads destruction and murder around :
My next in the playhouse and Bedlam is found :
My whole makes the guilty with terror turn pale,
When stern justice at length is found to prevail.

REBUSSES.

1.

REVERSE a fruit of English growth,
 (In harden'd case 'tis held),
 You'll find a measure vast appear,
 With liquor often fill'd.



2.

A FILTHY creature; and a beast;
 Deform'd; offensive; and a feast:
 The initials join; before your eyes
 A dwelling-place will straight arise.



3.

A PLACE from Beersheba remote;
 A university of note;
 A place that sheriffs oft attend;
 The initials show a faithful friend.



4.

REVERSE a measure, and 'tis clear,
 A vehicle will straight appear.

Solutions, in poetry, to the foregoing, are much to be desired.

QUESTION.

“Is solitude or society most calculated to promote moral improvement?”

A concise and well-written Essay on this subject, shall receive an early insertion in our Miscellany. Every Number of the Visitor shall, for the future, furnish a Question, which will serve to excite a spirit of emulation among our young readers—to whose attention this exercise is particularly recommended. Merit seldom fails of its reward.



Epitome of Natural History.

—
No. V.
—

THE SPANISH POINTER

IS of foreign origin, as its name seems to imply; but it is now naturalised in this country, which has long been famous for dogs of this kind; the greatest attention being paid to preserve the breed in its utmost purity.

This dog is remarkable for the aptness and facility with which it receives instruction. It may be said to be almost self-taught; whilst the English pointer requires the greatest care and attention in breaking and training to the sport. The Spanish pointer, however, is not so durable and hardy, nor so able to undergo the fatigues of an extensive range. It is chiefly employed in finding partridges, pheasants, &c. either for the gun or the net.

It is said, that an English nobleman (Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland), was the first that broke a setting-dog to the net.

The setting-dogs, now used by sportsmen, are generally of a mixt breed, between the English and Spanish pointer.

Having noticed those kind of dogs which are most interesting to our readers, we shall close our account of this animal with a description of the

DOGS OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

These, brought originally from New Guinea, which the natives of the South Sea islands call the mother of lands, are found in the Society Islands, New Zealand, and the Low Islands: there are also a few in New Holland.

Of these there are two varieties.

1. The first resembling the short-nosed, prick-eared shepherd's cur. Those of New Zealand are of the largest sort. In the Society Islands they are the common food, and are fattened with vegetables, which the natives cram down their throats when they will voluntarily eat no more. They are killed by strangling, and the extravasated blood is preserved in cocoa nut-shells, and baked for the table. They grow very fat, and are allowed, even by Europeans who have got over their prejudices, to be very sweet and palatable.

But the taste for the flesh of these animals was not confined to the Islanders of the Pacific Ocean. The ancients reckoned a young and fat dog excellent food. Hippocrates placed it on a footing with mutton and pork; and in another place says, that the flesh of a grown dog is wholesome and strengthening. The Romans admired sucking puppies; they sacrificed them to their divinities, and thought them a supper in which the gods themselves delighted.

The second variety is,

2. The barbet, whose hair being long and silky is much valued by the New Zealanders for trimming their ornamental dress. This variety is not eaten.

The Islanders never use their dogs for any purposes but what we here mention, and take such care of them as not to suffer them even to wet their feet. They are excessively stupid; they have a very bad nose for smelling; and seldom or never bark, only now and then they howl. The New Zealanders feed their dogs entirely on fish.

The Marquesas, Friendly Islands, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and Eastern Isle, have not yet received those animals.

It is only in temperate climates that dogs preserve their ardour, courage, sagacity, and other talents. When transported to very hot countries, they lose those qualities for which we admire them; but come to be in great request for the table, a roasted dog being the most luxurious feast to a negro; and the savages of Canada are equally fond of them. The Greenlanders also eat dogs flesh, and make garments of their skins. Dire necessity, perhaps, first taught them the use of such unnatural food.

Virgil, the prince of Latin poets, has not thought the praise of dogs a subject unworthy of his pen. He recommends it to the husbandmen of Italy to pay particular attention to the rearing and training of dogs, for their own safety and that of their flocks, as well as for the pleasures of the chase.

We here introduce Dryden's translation:—

Nor, last, forget thy faithful dogs; but feed
With fatt'ning whey the mastiff's gen'rous breed,
And Spartan race, who, for the fold's relief,
Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief:
Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain robbers, rushing to the prey.
With cries of hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear
Of flying hares, and chase the fallow deer;
Rouze from their desert dens the bristled rage
Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage.

SPANISH HOSPITALITY.

Extracted from Mordaunt;

BY THE AUTHOR OF ZELEUCO AND EDWARD.

Vevay.

— YOU will remember that our muleteer was a good deal surprised, and a little angry, at seeing Travers and me laughing in the middle of the storm. He moved on rather sulkily; but before we could arrive at the inn, where we intended to pass the night, we perceived a lone house in the midst of underwood, at the foot of a mountain, and at a considerable distance from the high road. The muleteer declared that it was impossible for his cattle to proceed to the inn during such a storm, and the best thing we could do was to take shelter, for the night, in that house.

As I had been told that all those frontiers were inhabited by gangs of smugglers, who are the most desperate fellows in Spain, and sometimes act as robbers, I was not very fond of the proposal; I mentioned this to Travers, who, shrugging his shoulders, said, "he would do as I pleased; but that it was better to be robbed than drowned." Meanwhile a stout fellow, well mounted, rode by us towards the house: he had a gun on each side, slung in the manner in which a dragoon carries his carabine, and the man had under him a well-filled package of considerable bulk.

The muleteer asked him whether he might be permitted to shelter his mules from the storm.

"Do you think that my house is inhabited by Moors?" said the man.

The muleteer drove directly up to the house, unharnessed his mules, put them into the stable, which seemed to be the first room of the mansion; for through it we passed to the kitchen, where we

found three men and two women, with a blind musician, sitting by the fire, strumming a guitar, which he accompanied by occasional stanzas through his nose. The company were so attentive to the music, that they took little notice of Travers of me, till the person we had seen on the road, and whom we found to be the master of the house, came in.—“Why do you stand apart, like intruders,?” said he, in a loud and rather surly tone: “I invited you to my house, which you ought therefore to consider as your own.”

We bowed, and approached nearer to the fire. In a short time supper was laid upon a long table in the same room. The landlord made Travers sit on one side of him, and me on the other: he pressed us to every dish on the table. The principal one consisted of pieces of mutton and kid, stewed with abundance of hog’s lard, and strongly seasoned with garlic: there was also a large dish of sallad, swimming in rancid oil, called a *gaspacho*. All the company eat voraciously of both, except Travers and me. Neither our own appetite, though keen, nor the landlord’s invitation, could overcome the repugnance excited by the flavour and appearance of those two dishes. To make amends, however, we eat abundantly of the bread, which was very good, and of oranges, of which abundance are to be found in every cottage. We would have drank more of the wine had it not been extremely strong and fiery.—Our landlord mistook the reason of our giving a preference to the bread, and frequently assured us that we were just as welcome to the highest-seasoned dish on the table as to that.

The supper being ended, the company wrapped themselves in their great cloaks, and laid themselves on the ground, except one man, who preferred the table, and another, who chose the stone bench next the fire.

I happened to say something to the muleteer concerning our baggage; this was overheard by the landlord—"Senor," said he, bluntly, "you are in my house: it is my business that all your things be properly taken care of."

He then desired Travers and me to follow him, which we did, into a room where there was a bed.—"This is the only bed in the house," said he: "as you are strangers, it is for you — *Buenas noches*;" so saying he left the room.

"If this man, after all, should prove a knave, I shall be much surprised," said I, "so much has he the manners of an honest man."

"It is the business of knaves to make others believe that they are honest," rejoined Travers.

"This man has succeeded with me," said I.

"Do you think he has succeeded with himself?" said Travers.

"I am persuaded he has," answered I.

"Then depend upon it he is an honest man," added Travers; "for though a man may deceive the rest of the world in that point, yet, were he as cunning as the devil, he cannot deceive himself."

"Right, Tom," rejoined I, struck with his observation, "and thus a knave can never be secure, even in this life; for, in spite of all his circumspection to keep his wickedness concealed, there is always one person in the world acquainted with it; and it is wisely ordered, that when nobody else could, that single witness very often betrays him, and brings him to shame."

I happened to step out of our bedchamber after this, and was highly pleased to find the storm entirely abated; but a good deal surprised, at the same time, that every person seemed fast asleep, though all the doors of the house, even that to the fields, were open.

When I returned, however, I thought proper to shut that of our bed-chamber, and then lay down

in my clothes beside Travers, who was already stretched on the bed.

We were awaked early in the morning by the muleteer, who informed us that every thing was ready. After breakfasting on bread and wine, I went in search of our landlord, whom I found already mounted and accoutred, as he had been the day before, with his two guns—I asked him what was to pay.

He looked displeased, and said, “his house was not an inn.”

“I thanked him for his hospitality ;—but still,” said I, “you will be so good as to give this to the maid who dressed our supper, and the man who assisted the muleteer, neither of whom I can find.”

“I pay them their wages,” said he, refusing the money, and directly riding off.

While I amuse myself, and endeavour to amuse you, my friend, with what I can recollect of the most striking occurrences of this journey, I do not pretend to give you a view of the general manners or character of the Spaniards: were I in other respects qualified for that, the short stay I made in the country would render me inadequate to such a task. The impression left on my mind, however, by what I observed during this journey, is, that the Spaniards are of an honest, hospitable, and generous nature, and capable of making as respectable a figure as any people in Europe, if ever their minds should be freed from that absurd and debasing superstition, which chills their energy, and tends to check every species of improvement—more than all the other circumstances to which their poverty and degeneracy have been imputed. This, however, is conjecture; but what you may rely on as fact is, that a Spanish smuggler, treated two English travellers as has been mentioned.

—The second day after we left the house of the smuggler we arrived at Merida: it is a difficult matter to travel above six and thirty or forty miles a day in this country. Merida, formerly a Roman colony of great opulence (as many fragments of triumphal arches, and other pieces of exquisite architecture, indicate), is now the residence of idleness, poverty, and filth.

We should not have staid longer than was absolutely necessary in this wretched town, if I had not had a letter from the commandant of Elvas to an Irish officer in the Spanish service, who, having married a lady of some fortune, in the neighbourhood of Merida, found it expedient to reside there at that time.

After the civilities we had received from the commandant, we thought it proper that we should wait on his correspondent, and deliver the letter into his own hands.

We found him a lively intelligent man: he immediately invited us to sleep at his house. On my hinting our determination to proceed on our journey next morning;—"I do not expect, gentlemen," said he, "that any thing I can offer will prevail on you to make a long abode in such a place as this; but I shall be mortified, indeed, if you will not do me the pleasure of giving my house the preference to the inn, while you do stay."

He afterwards persuaded us to agree to remain all the following day, part of which we employed in viewing the Roman antiquities; and found our new acquaintance not only to be an hospitable landlord, but also an instructive Cicerone. The fortune necessary for acting the first of these characters are not more rare, in this decayed town, than the knowledge requisite for the second.

After we had viewed what was thought most worthy of inspection, as we walked by the side of the river which separates part of the suburbs from the town, observing that the river was choked up at both banks, so as to confine the current within a few yards at the centre, I said, "May not many remains of Roman sculpture, and fragments of architecture, lie buried beneath the rubbish on each side of this river?"

"It is highly probable," replied the officer, "and a countryman of mine, a Roman-catholic clergyman, was so much of that opinion, that, as he passed this way, on his return to London from Madrid, some years ago, after as accurate an examination as he could conveniently make, he wrote to the minister of Spain, recommending it strongly that his excellency should take measures for having the rubbish cleared away, as there were many reasons for believing that the labour would be well repaid by the antiquities which would be dug up. The minister accordingly ordered an engineer to Merida for that very purpose. But no sooner was his design known, than certain monks began to murmur against it: they said, "it was paying that respect to fragments of Pagan temples and statues which was due to the relics of Christian saints only: that some men, particularly the whole childish race of virtuosos, were so depraved, as to admire specimens of ancient sculpture more than any portion of the real bones of a martyr: that if this scheme was adopted, who could answer that some heathen deity would not be dug up, of more exquisite workmanship than any of those which excited so much profane adoration already: that by the piety, as well as the wisdom of their ancestors, those idols were buried under ground, where, experience had now proved, they did no harm; but there was no knowing what mischief they might do

if they were raised again: that mention was made in the Bible of no resurrection but that of the quick and the dead; that statues were neither the one nor the other, and therefore not entitled to the same privilege: that it was safest, and most prudent, to leave things as they are; because change or innovation, on the pretext of reformation, was often productive of irreparable evil, as the church had already experienced."

These considerations greatly alarmed the good citizens of Merida, and seemed so rational to the king's confessor, a Franciscan friar, that he prevailed on his majesty to recall the engineer, and the river was allowed to remain choaked, as you see it, to the great consolation of the inhabitants.

We had an opportunity of observing another instance of the piety of these people, as we returned from the river.

It was a holiday: the whole town seemed in motion. At the corner of almost every street there was a group of both sexes, dancing to the music of a guitar.

I have observed, indeed, that at all times, and in every town and village of Spain, through which I have passed, people of all ages and conditions assemble round the musician, at the first sound of this instrument.

The agility of some of the male dancers seemed surprising, because they were often mere clowns, whose dress was ill adapted to that exercise: but what was more attractive was the wonderful flexibility of movement, as well as intelligence of look, with which many of the women humoured the music.

In the streets of Merida we particularly remarked one group of both sexes, who were performing the fandango, and other dances, with more enegy than the rest, and with a degree of vivacity and a wan-

tonness of gesture that seemed more suitable to Bacchantes, or the worshippers of the Heathen God of the Gardens, than to Christians. In the midst of these exertions, however, the great bell of the principal church tolled: it was the Ave-Maria, or Angelus hour; and in an instant all the dancers were on their knees. Those eyes, which the moment before flashed wantonness, were devoutly fixed on the ground; and, instead of the guitar, nothing was heard but an universal mutter of prayer.

"You see, gentlemen," said the officer, "that the enthusiasm of mirth is not at such a distance from devotion, in this warm climate, as it is supposed to be in your cold island, particularly by the inhabitants of the coldest part of it."

"I have a great notion, however," said I, "that those people were more earnest in the first than in the second."

"I believe them to be in earnest in both," rejoined the officer.

"I dare swear," said Travers, "they prefer the music of the guitar to that of the bell; but they believe, that if they omitted their prayers at the sound of the bell, they would be struck with some disease, which would put it out of their power to dance to the sound of the guitar."

"There is no knowing people's motives," replied this candid Irishman, "secret hopes and wishes, which we would not like to be known, are apt to intermingle with the devotion of the best of us."

*"Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque
susurros,
Tollere de templis, et aperto vivere voto*."*

"But the sudden transition which you have just

* Persius.

beheld has, I am persuaded, taken place at the same hour all over Spain. I myself have seen the actors, on the same occasion, stop the performance, and kneel on the stage: the same occurs at court. Whoever is present at the sound of the Ave-Maria bell, kneels immediately, the king himself giving the example."

"The Spanish monarchs have long been distinguished for piety," said I.

"The Spanish nation has long been distinguished for religious zeal," replied the officer. "Whatever difference of character there may be in the inhabitants of the different provinces in other respects, they resemble each other in the article of devotion. You have observed, no doubt, that they kneel in the middle of the street, in all weathers, when the host passes. The late king, Charles the Third, never met it without coming out of his carriage, and putting the priest into it, he himself following on foot, with all his attendants, to the house of the sick person to whom it was carrying. He at the same time sent orders for his own physician to attend the sick person, from that time till his recovery or death. This accounts for what might otherwise surprise you, gentlemen, namely, that the courtiers in Spain have not only a greater show of devotion than the nobility in other countries, but even more than the lower ranks of their own country."

MAL MAISON;

OU, LE CHATEAU DE MAISON,

THE RESIDENCE OF BUONAPARTE.

THIS magnificent old castle, now the country residence of the Grand Consul of the French Republic, is pleasantly situated on the river Seine,

nine miles from Paris, and three from St. Germain; it was erected by Francis Mansart, for Mons. De Longueil, president of parliament, and superintendant of the finances; and at the revolution belonged to the Compte d'Artois.—Three noble avenues, disposed in the form of a cross, and having each two pavillions, decorated with different styles of architecture, and separated by a fosse, conduct you to the castle. The principal avenue, intersected with roads in the forest of St. Germain, has in perspective two pavillions, with Doric columns, supporting groupes of children, bearing baskets of flowers. On entering the second avenue, on the left, are placed on massy pedestals, statues of Mars and Minerva, with children, and their attributes. A noble building, appropriated for stables, to which belong a riding-school, with the same on each side.—The front of the castle is decorated, in the antique style, with two orders of architecture, namely, the Doric, and the ancient Ionic, ornamented with four vases, surmounted with an attic of Corinthian pilasters.—On this side of the court are two plantations, most beautifully formed; that on the left is terminated by an orangery.—The castle is surrounded by a dry fosse, and bordered by a terrace, which continues round the principal court. The vestibule, after the taste of that of the Thuilleries, is beautified by columns and Doric pilasters of one solid piece. In the hall the tapestry is after Jordaens; and on the staircase on the landing, are Ionic pilasters, between which are large cornices, with groupes of figures, representing painting, sculpture, architecture, music, Cupid and Hymen, and, above all, the art of war. On the right is what were termed the apartments of the queen. The king's apartments are on the other side of the hall, with the corps de garde, hung with tapestry, presented to Mons. de Mai-

sons, when he was chancellor of the queen mother, and communicate with another chamber, supported by cariatides, in an attic raised out of the cieling. On the side is a beautiful round cabinet: the periphery of the walls is embellished with Ionic pilasters, intermixed with looking glass; and the cieling forms a lofty dome. On the roof of the castle is an extensive terrace, bordered with an iron balcony: a handsome terrace stretches the whole length of the building, from which is a descent to a pasture, terminated by the river Seine; at the foot of the terrace on the left, between the flights of the steps, which form the figure of a horse shoe, is a little cascade with five pipes, making as many sheets of water. Orange-trees are placed in the walks in front, and in a half moon at the foot of the staircase.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF BEAU NASH,

By the Rev. Richard Warner, Author of the History of, and Excursions from, Bath, &c. &c.

WE cannot conclude this account of the Bath amusements, says Mr. Warner, without paying a small tribute to the memory of that celebrated personage, Beau Nash, who may claim the merit of having drawn the outline of that agreeable arrangement and orderly system in which they are at present carried on. The life of a man of pleasure, indeed, holds out but little that is entertaining to the biographer, or interesting to the reader; it may, however, serve the purposes of instruction, and, like the beacon, lend a light to discover rocks and quicksands, the situation and danger of which it is unconscious of itself.

Mr. Nash was born at Swansea, in the county of Glamorgan, the 18th of October, 1674; his father having been long resident in that place, and possessed of a handsome income, chiefly derived from a glass-manufactory there. On his mother's side his descent was more respectable, she being the neice of Col. Poyer, who was executed by Oliver Cromwell, for defending valiantly the castle of Pembroke, on behalf of the unfortunate Charles the First. In the school of Carmarthen, a town that was then, and is now, the metropolis of South Wales, the central point of its science and literature, Mr. Nash received the elements of education, and a competent share of classical knowledge, which he was sent to the university of Oxford to improve at the early age of sixteen. Here he entered at Jesus College, with a wish on the part of his friends, and his own intention, to pursue the study of the law. But he had mistaken his turn; the dry code of civil jurisprudence, or the still drier volumes of English common law, the quaintness of Coke, and the dulness of Plowden, were ill-calculated to fix the attention of one whose disposition was naturally gay and volatile, and who was now surrounded by the diversified dissipation of an English university. Nash devoted himself to pleasure instead of institutes and acts of parliament; involved himself in an intrigue with a knowing female in the neighbourhood of the university, and was on the eve of sacrificing all his prospects to a very disproportioned marriage in point of age and fortune, when his friends discovered the amour, and instantly removed the young *inamorato* from the sphere of his mistress's attractions. A choice of profession was once more given to Nash, who, thinking that the army offered, beyond any other, opportunities of gaiety, and chances of gallantry, purchased a pair of colours, and became a soldier.

But he soon found that he had pleased himself with ideal delights; his rank did not lift him above subordination, and the duties and attendance attached to an ensign's commission became quickly insupportable to a man who had long pursued his pleasures without restraint, and deviated from regularity and order without reproach. He therefore quitted the army in disgust, returned to the discarded law, and entered himself a student of the Middle-Temple. He now became a town fine gentleman of the second rate; a sort of Wil Honeycomb; dressing tawdrily; affecting publick places; and dividing his time between play and the ladies. Sufficiently notorious in the confined sphere of private life, Nash shortly after became a public character by the following circumstance: at the time of William's accession to the throne, our hero was a member of the Temple, where he had acquired the credit of wit, gallantry, and elegance. A custom, sanctioned by very high antiquity, rendered it necessary for this society to entertain the new monarch with a revel and a pageant on this occasion; but the direction of these was a matter of importance, and not to be entrusted to a common hand. Nash's fame for taste and gaiety rendered him the fittest person for the office of high-priest on the occasion; the Templars, therefore, fixed upon him for the purpose, and their choice was sufficiently justified by the revel being conducted in such a manner as gave the utmost satisfaction to the king and his attendants. William, indeed, offered to knight Nash on the occasion, but our hero, who seems to have had sense enough to despise the unsubstantial mockery of a title without the palpable comfort of a good income attached to it, declined the intended honour. In the year 1704 Nash went down to Bath, which was just then beginning to be a place of fashionable resort; and a vacancy

happening about the same time in the office of Master of the Ceremonies, by the loss of Captain Webster, the well-known talent of Nash for the invention of amusement, and the promotion of dissipation, became a powerful recommendation to his succeeding to the important situation of *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. He was accordingly elected; and invested with the fullest power to order, arrange, correct, and improve, the manners of the company, the routine of amusements, and the points of etiquette. Uncontrolled as was the authority thus delegated to him, it must be confessed he deserves great credit in having exercised it entirely for the public good. Under his auspices, Bath quickly emerged from that obscurity in which it had been hidden for ages, to splendor, elegance, and taste. The old roads to it were repaired and improved, and new approaches made; public charities were instituted; places of amusement constructed; the pumps and baths furnished with new accommodations; and the motley crew of visitors which met together at the place of general resort, was reduced to order and propriety of conduct. Under his equal administration no rank could shield the criminal from punishment, if the code of laws established by Nash had been infringed; and no dignity of situation influence him to allow a breach or temporary suspension of them. When the Duchess of Queensbury appeared at the dress-ball in an *apron*, he deliberately desired her to take it off, and threw it to the attendants who were standing behind; and when the Princess Amelia applied to him for one more dance after eleven o'clock, he refused, assuring her that the laws of Bath were, like those of Lycurgus, unalterable. The influence which this firmness in his government gave him in the little world of Bath, was unbounded, and Nash took care to preserve and increase it by a considerable

affectation of splendour in his dress and equipage ; aware that external appearance has a powerful and visible effect on the largest part of mankind, the weak and the vain, and that the wise and the good are not entirely insensible to it, though in an inferior degree. Consistently with this just view of human nature, his house was richly furnished ; his chariot was drawn by six grey horses, several persons on horseback and on foot attending the carriage, bearing French-horns and other instruments of music ; his clothes were profusely decorated with lace, and his head crowned with a large white hat, cocked up in a fierce and singular manner. This was the meridian of Nash's glory. The Prince of Wales, and the Prince of Orange, gave him marks of their esteem ; the nobility at Bath flattered him with their familiarity ; the gentry treated him with respect ; and the corporation always consulted him in every public step in which they engaged ; a sum of money was voted by the chamber for the purpose of erecting a marble statue of the *King of Bath*, which, when finished, found an honourable station in the pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope.*

The latter of these respectable names is discovered amongst the number of Mr. Nash's friends, and it argues no little regard for the beau on the part of the poet, that Pope condescended to write, at Nash's desire, an inscription for the obelisk in

* The keen wit of Lord Chesterfield could not pass over this happy opportunity of ridiculing so absurd an association. He wrote an epigram on the subject, which concludes with these lines:—

“ The statue placed the busts between,
Adds to the satire strength ;
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But *folly* at full length.”

Queen-square, erected by him in commemoration of the Prince of Wales's visit to Bath. Some little disinclination was expressed, indeed, at first by the bard to the task, as will appear by the letter next ensuing; but the one which succeeds it also shews that his friendship at length got the better of his fastidiousness.

"SIR,—I have received your's, and thank your partiality in my favour. You say words cannot express the gratitude you feel for the favour of his R. H. and yet you would have me express what you feel, and in a few words. I own myself unequal to the task; for even granting it possible to express an inexpressible idea, I am the worst person you could have pitched upon for this purpose, who have received so few favours from the great myself, that I am utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they like best. Whether the P—— most loves poetry or prose, I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give him as much satisfaction in either as I can.

"I am, sir, your affectionate servant,

"A. POPE."

"SIR,—I had sooner answered your's, but in the hope of procuring a properer hand than mine, and then in consulting with some, whose office about the P—— might make them the best judges what sort of inscription to set up. Nothing can be plainer than the inclosed; it is nearly the common sense of the thing, and I do not know how to flourish upon it. But this you would do as well or better yourself, and I dare say may amend the expression. I am truly,

"Dear sir, your affectionate servant,

"A. POPE."

The inscription betrays no marks of the fancy that inspired the author of the *Rape of the Lock*. It as follows:—

In Memory
Of Honours conferred
And in Gratitude
For Benefits bestowed
In this City
By his Royal Highness
FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES
And his
ROYAL CONSORT
In the year MDCCXXXVIII
This Obelisk is erected
By RICHARD NASH, Esq.

The prosperity of Nash continued for a longer period than is usually allotted to public characters; his popularity undiminished, and his honours untarnished; an admirable skill in play provided amply for his enormous expences, and his hilarity, gaiety, and easy address, as they contributed to the pleasure of society, gained him in return affection, if not esteem. But regard acquired by qualities which are not intrinsically excellent, can only be temporary. Those sprightly traits of character which may add a grace to youth, become ridiculous and disgusting in old age. The jest that pleases at twenty-five, will shock at seventy; nor can the most thoughtless contemplate with pleasure the man who, in the course of nature, must shortly change this being for another, idly busied about the frivolities of gay life, *et totus in illis*. The public now began to treat Nash with neglect, and shortly with contempt. The great, whom he had served with such devotion, rewarded him—as they are accustomed to remunerate the instruments of their pleasure—by deserting him in the hour of need. Sickness attacked him, and poverty stared him in the face. These were evils against which he had provided no defence, and therefore fell upon him with double weight. Sorrow and distress clouded the closing evening of his days, and reflection

came too late for any other purpose than to display to him the disconsolate situation of that man, when he approaches his end, who has spent his whole life in the pursuit of pleasure, and the service of folly.

Mr. Nash died at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, February 3d, 1761, aged upwards of eighty-seven; and was buried with great respect and solemnity, at the expence of the corporation.

[A tribute to the memory of this celebrated character, as related by Dr. Oliver, shall be given in our next.]

The Cabinet of Birth.

"Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

THE MATRIMONIAL RING.

THE ring, at first, according to Swinburne, was not of gold, but of iron, adorned with an adamant; the metal hard and durable, signifying the durance and prosperity of the contract. "Howbeit," he says, "it skilleth not at this day what the ring be made of—the form of it being round, and without end, doth import, that their love should circulate and flow continually. The finger on which the ring is to be worn, is the fourth on the left hand, next unto the little finger, because there was supposed a vein of blood to pass from thence into the heart."



MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

The celebrated musician, Lully, having hurt one of his toes in beating time with his cane, the sore neglected, became so serious as to threaten his life. His confessor seeing his critical state, told him, that unless he burnt what he had composed of his new opera, in order to shew his repentance for

having made so many operas, he had no chance of absolution. Lilley obeyed, and the confessor withdrew, after giving him absolution. M. le Duc called to see him soon after, and said, "What, and you have burnt your opera; and you are really such a ninny as to believe in the absurdities of that Jansenist, your confessor."—"Softly, softly, my friend," replied Lully, whispering in his ear, "I knew very well what I was about; I had another copy!"



Almanack makers have time immemorial, been considered as poets: perhaps the stars have a poetical influence upon astrologers. At the head of an Almanack published a year or two ago, is the following regal table:—

Eight Henries, twice three Edwards, and one Stephen,
Have on the English throne been plac'd by Heaven;
Three Williams, Richards three, Elizas one,
Have in their turns supported Albion's crown:
One John, two Charles's, James two, Marys two,
Have also rul'd the throne and bid adieu:
Three Georges have grac'd the throne, and one Anne,
All deem'd the best of princes *to a man*."



THE GHOST OF HAMLET.

The late theatrical accident in Shropshire, where the acting manager received some slight injury from the *sun taking fire*, in the performance of Pizarro, is not the first instance of a manager being scorched by a flame of his own kindling. During the time of Mr. Garrick's performance in Goodman's-fields, the stage rose so much from the lamps to the back scenery, that it was very difficult for a performer to walk properly on it, and, unfortunately, it was then the custom to introduce their ghosts in a complete suit, not of gilt leather, but of real ar-

mour. The dress for this august personage was, one night, in honour of Mr. Garrick's Hamlet, borrowed from the Tower, and was, consequently, rather too ponderous for the Ghost of the Royal Dane.—The moment, therefore, he was put up at the trap-door, unable to keep his balance, he rolled down the stage to the lamps, which catching the feathers of his helmet, the Ghost seemed in danger of being consumed by mortal fires, till a gentleman roared out from the pit, "Help! help! the lamps have caught the *cask* of your *spirits*, and if the iron hoops fly, the house will be in a blaze!" The attendants ran on the stage, carried off the Ghost, and laid him in a water tub.

...@...

In one of Queen Ann's parliaments, a gentleman of large fortune standing candidate for a borough, he opened an obscure house in the town for the use of his constituents. The landlord thinking this a very proper time to make his fortune, in drawing out his bill, for the mere article of ale, charged 300l. The candidate, astonished at such an imposition, refused to pay it, and said it was impossible his house could hold any thing like that quantity of liquor. "However, says he, "to do you justice, at the same time not to cheat m self, will you agree to be paid for as much ale as your house will hold?" The landlord consented, and a surveyor was immediately sent for, who, after measuring the several square feet of every corner of the house, returned the bill to amount to no more than *forty-four pounds ten shillings!*

...@...

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE.

Two soldiers being condemned to death in Flanders, the general was prevailed on to spare one of them; but not having a preference, wishing only that the execution of the other might be held up as

an example to the army, ordered the unfortunate soldiers to cast lots for their lives, with dice, on a drum head. The first throwing two sixes, fell to rubbing his hands, with the mingled sensation of gladness and sorrow; but was surprised when his companion threw two sixes also. The officer appointed to see the execution, ordered them to throw again. They did so, and each of them threw two fives; at which the soldiers that stood round, shouted, and said, neither of them were to die. Hereupon the officer acquainted the council of war, who ordered them to throw again. They did, and up came two fours. The general being informed of the circumstances, sent for the men and pardoned them, saying, "I love in such extraordinary cases to listen to the voice of Providence."



ACROSTIC.

Lured by a glance, a smile, a word, a nod,
Our fine ideas idolize this god;
Vows, oaths, epistles, oft persuasive prove,
Eyes are the sweetest harbingers of *Love*.



Theret, a man of learning in France, was one morning early taken out of his bed, and carried to the Bastile. The lieutenant of police went next day to examine him. "Sir," said Theret to him when he entered, "will you have the goodness to tell me why they have shut me up in the Bastile!"—"You have a great deal of curiosity indeed!" replied the lieutenant of police, with the utmost coolness, and retired.

Beauties of the Drama.

THE HAPPY RECONCILIATION.

[FROM LIFE.*]

Scene.—An apartment in the priory ; painted windows ; a gothic table, and three chairs.

Enter Marchmont and Rosa.—(*Rosa has the manuscript in her hand.*)

March. Astonishing !—Raised to prosperity by one I so neglected, and ask no recompence but the revision of a manuscript !—'Slife, 'tis incredible : and remember, Rosa, we have already had reason to suspect her ; and therefore, till I know the motive for her generosity, I shall not condescend to profit by it.

Rosa. What ! won't you see her ? will you again dismiss her ?

March. Unthinking girl ! why, wherefore should she serve me ?—You are yourself, perhaps, the bribe : and shall I owe preferment to my daughter's shame ?—No, she shall not enter.—And yet, if after all her motive should be good ; if, to the only one who has stepped forth to serve me, I prove suspicious and ungrateful—that must not be—give me the manuscript, and conduct her in.

Rosa. Here, here it is, sir, (*giving it*).—And recollect, these are but the heads, the outlines of the book ; and you are to decide, whether the materials are sufficient to ground a work upon.—And now look, sir, (*goes to the wing, and leads on*

* The Prologue and Epilogue to this interesting piece, will be found in our Parnassian Garland for next Month.

Mrs. Belford, *with her veil down,*) here is our benefactress.

March. Madam, after what passed when last I saw you, I scarce know how to address you.—Pray be seated.—

Rosa draws a chair; Mrs. Belford sits.

I'm told you have conferred an everlasting favour on me; and, as a recompence, you only ask what is most flattering to an author's pride.—I shall not trouble you with thanks, but will proceed.—(*Sets himself; Rosa sits by Mrs. Belford. — Reads.*) “Sketch of a Romance, to be called Henry and Eliza.—Eliza, against the consent of a parent as fond as affluent, married Henry.—Two years soon passed in harmony and joy, and heaven blessed them with a pledge of mutual love.—The third began with *poverty* and *sorrow*; and to preserve her child and husband from distress, Eliza appealed to the feelings of her enraged father; who, in compassion to her sufferings, supplied her with a remittance, as the last token of parental love.”—(*Pauses and weeps.*)

Rosa (rises). Go on, sir, I feel as much interested as yourself: pray go on.

March. (Reading.) “Henry, though possessed of honour and of talent, could not resist temptation: and allured to the gaming-table by the arts of a female seducer, lost the remittance, sacrificed the sole maintenance of his family, and left Eliza to the mercy of his creditors.”—(*Rises and goes forward.*)—“The house, and poor remains of their effects, were taken from her; and when she sought the husband of her heart, he was not to be found.—Lost in the vortex of dissipation, he had forgot the wife he once adored; and revelling in luxury and guilt, thought not that Eliza was destitute and forsaken.”—Oh, horror! horror!

—(*Drops the book.*)—Speak ! who are you ? whence came you ?

Marchmont, *whilst reading the above, is much agitated, pauses often, and trembles violently.* Mrs. Belford also is much agitated ; apparently gazing intently on Marchmont, half rising from her chair, &c. Rosa observes them both with astonishment, and occasionally bursts into tears.

Rosa. (*Taking up the book and presenting it to Marchmont.*) Proceed ; for pity's sake proceed—nay, you must, you shall.

March. Oh ! I cannot.

Rosa. (*Reads.*) “ Eliza thus reduced, thus deserted both by parent and husband, no longer could maintain the only comfort that was left her.—Distress soon tore her from her child : she placed it under the protection of a relation of its father ; and, to support herself, she changed her name ; and, in a state of menial service, went to Switzerland.—There, woe-worn and forlorn, robbed of all hope, a prey to anguish and despair—”

March. Distraction ! madness !—I know the rest —(*snatching the book from Rosa, and advancing towards Mrs. B.*)—she died—died of a broken heart.

Mrs. B. (*Who has before risen from her seat, throws up her veil.*) No, she lives.—Behold me, Marchmont, after an absence of twelve cheerless years—behold that once-loved wife, who would have begged, starved, perished with you.—(*March staggers and faints in a chair.*)

Rosa. My mother ! (*Runs and embraces her.*)

Mrs. B. The story of my death was but an artifice to save me from inquiry ; and now I came, incensed with wrongs, to goad you to the soul with my reproaches ; but the remembrance of our for-

mer love, that altered look, that worn exhausted frame—Poor Marchmont! I may avoid, but I cannot upbraid him.—Farewell!—(*Going, Rosa holds her.*)

March. O my torn heart!—(*In turning in the chair, the picture is discovered hanging from his neck.*)

Rosa. Look, look, my mother!—Is he not now an object of compassion?

Mrs. B. He is.—But see! he wears a basilisk to strike me dead—the picture Rosa.

Rosa. Nay, but for my sake, mother: though as a husband guilty, he has been the best of fathers: and since this hated object is the bar, I will remove—(*Takes the picture*)—How!—that look—those eyes—merciful powers! it is the portrait of my mother!

Mrs. B. Can it—(*trembling, and looking at it*)—yes, mine is the picture he devours with kisses—mine the resemblance that he bathes with tears!

Marchmont suddenly recovering, and pulling Rosa forward, without seeing Mrs. Marchmont.

March. (*Rises.*) She's gone!—fly—follow—call her back: tell her, I am not so guilty as she thinks me; for, as I hope for happiness to come, my heart was ever only her's; and though involved in blackest dissipation, my truth and constancy were yet untainted: tell her besides—

Rosa. Look, father!

March. Ah! do I once more—my child, fall prostrate at her feet; entreat, implore forgiveness.—(*They both kneel.*)—My wife!

Rosa. My mother! can you pronounce a pardon?

Mrs. M. I would, but tears prevent me.—(*Gets between them, and embraces them both.*)—Merciful heaven! receive a suppliant's thanks; for thus en-

circled by my child and husband, what now is wanting?

Enter Primitive and Sir Harry Torpid.

Prim. What? why a father—and here he is—That father who deserted you—who adopted you—who—hang it! why don't you speak, Sir Harry? you see my tongue sticks to my mouth.

Sir H. Who took the name of Primitive for an estate of two hundred thousand pounds—who will share it with you; raise you from poverty and sorrow to joy and affluence, to—damn it! I copy your example; my tongue sticks to my mouth too.

Mrs. M. Heavens! in my benefactor do I behold a parent?

Prim. You do; and but for the curst circumstance of changing names, we should have known each other long ago.—But now I hold you to my heart.—You also, my little grand-daughter—zooks! I must give you a kiss for your likeness to your mother. (*Kisses her*).

Sir H. So must I (*kisses her*).—I beg pardon, but I always copy Mr. Primitive.

Prim. For you, Mr. Marchmont, I was once coming forward to throttle you; but when I recollected I deserved the same punishment, I pitied and forgave you. Henceforth I'll be a friend to you, a father to your wife, a grandfather to your daughter—and what's more, with your leave, I'll be a grandfather to Sir Harry.

Sir H. Ay do; pray let me be one of the family: I've long had a predilection for matrimony; and, from what we've just witnessed, I'm sure it will produce agitation in abundance.

March. Then, sir, if I'm to be consulted, I can only say, you saved me once from ruin, and I know no man that deserves so well my daughter.

Prim. So he did me; and I know no man that so well deserves my grand-daughter.—And now, what does she say?

Rosa. That to deserve him, who has so served you and my dearest father, will be the future study of my life.

Sir H. (Taking her hand and kissing it.) Then, thus I seal the bargain—and now, I only beg one thing—after marriage don't let us be too happy—you must now and then differ with me to keep me alive, for there is only one place in which I dread a difference, and that is here.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following translation from the Greek of Cleanthus will universally be allowed to possess the sublimity and pathos of true poetry. A considerable similitude to the sacred writings is very evident, and the original certainly contains much of their interesting simplicity.

Its author was a disciple of Zeno, whom he succeeded in his school; and he had for pupils King Auliconus and Chrysippus. He starved himself to death at the age of 90. B. C. 240.

The following is, I believe, the only one of his productions which has escaped the wrecks of time: It is preserved in the collection of Hæbus, the best edition of which is that of Paris, dated 1623.

I am, &c.

Nottingham.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

HYMN TO JUPITER.

OH thou, who hast many names, but whose power is one and infinite.—Oh Jupiter! first of immortals—sovereign of nature—who governest all—and to whose immutable law all things submit—To thee do I raise my voice;—for it is per-

mitted to man to invoke thee.—Every thing that lives, every thing that creeps—Every mortal king that exists on the earth, even we ourselves spring from thee—and thy image is impressed upon us. I will address then to thee my hymns, and will sing them without ceasing. This universe suspended over our heads, and which seems to revolve round the earth—'tis to thee that it obeys—it uniformly preserves in its course, and silently suffers itself to be governed by thy nod—the thunder-bolt, the minister of thy laws, reposes under thy invincible hand; ardent, endowed with immortality, it strikes, and nature trembles—thou directest the universal spirit which animates every thing, and lives in all beings. Such, oh, Omnipotent Ruler, is thy sovereign and unlimited power. Genius of nature! in the heavens, on the earth, in the sea, nothing is done, nothing is produced, without thee, except the evil which proceeds from the heart of the wicked. At thy word confusion becomes order—thou speakest, and the contending elements unite. By a happy concord, thou layest the foundation of that which is good with that which is not so, that a general and eternal harmony may be established. Alone, amongst created beings, the wicked interrupt this universal harmony—mistaken ones—they seek for happiness, and perceive not that universal rule, which, in enlightening them, will render them at once good and happy: but totally forsaking the good and the just, they sacrifice themselves each to his ruling passion—they pursue the bubble renown—they seek riches, or they pant for pleasures, which, however seductive, are the forerunners of misery and remorse.—Oh thou Omnipotent dispenser of all good—Good, to whom the storm and the thunderbolt are obedient, avert from man this insensate error; deign to enlighten his soul; let one ray of that wisdom by which thou

governest the universe, illumine his understanding, so that honoured ourselves we may honour thee in gratitude, celebrating thy works in such an uninterrupted hymn, as best befits our feeble and mortal beings: for neither the inhabitant of the earth, nor the inhabitant of the heavens, can have a more momentous, or a more awful occupation, than the just celebration of that sublime first cause which presides over nature.

CUSTOM OBSERVED BY THE DUTCH WITH
REGARD TO LYING-IN WOMEN.

MR. FELL, in his Tour through the Batavian Republic, notices the following singular custom with regard to lying-women:—"I must not," says he, "omit to mention a practice, which, I believe, is peculiar to Holland. When a woman is brought to bed, a bulletin is daily fixed to her house for a fortnight, or longer if she continues so ill as to excite the solicitude of her friends, which contains a statement of the health of the mother and the child. This bulletin is fastened to a board ornamented with lace, according to the circumstances of the person lying-in, and serves to answer the enquiries of her friends, and to prevent any unnecessary noise being made near the door of the indisposed person. We saw at Leyden the most of these boards ornamented with lace, and there learnt their meaning. When a person of consequence is dangerously ill, a bulletin of health is generally affixed to their house, to satisfy the numerous enquiries that are, or are supposed to be made after them; but, unless it is a childbed case, the board, to which the bulletin is pasted, is unornamented with lace.



VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgements as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own,

POPE.

DRURY LANE.

IN our dramatic department of last month, we announced the performance of a new tragedy, entitled *Julian and Agnes*, which was brought forward, for the first time, on the 25th of April, at the above theatre, but, on account of a pressure of matter, were obliged to defer the particulars, which are as follow:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso	Mr. Kemble.
Provost	Mr. Wroughton.
Prior	Mr. Packer.
Confessor	Mr. Barrymore.
Infirmier	Mr. Holland.
Knight	Mr. Powell.
Agnes, Countess of Tortona	Mrs. Siddons.
Ellen	Miss Biggs.

The scene is laid in a convent on Mount St. Bernard, and opens with a conversation between the Monks on the mysterious conduct of a melancholy man who had taken refuge among them. Shortly after, a female of superior rank is seen traversing the snow-clad mountains, with her attendants, carrying a young lady on a bier, apparently dead. Notice of their approach is conveyed to the convent, and, by the assistance of the Monks, are extricated from the difficult recesses of the mountains, and the young lady restored

to life. The fate of the melancholy man now interests the Monks; he is sought for among the rocks, and, being found, is brought into the presence of the provost, who implores him to calm his conscience by a confession of his sorrows. After much difficulty he consents, and tell his story. From this it appears that he is *Julian*, Count *Tortola*, under the assumed name of *Alphonso*. That, at an early period of life, he won, by his martial exploits, the love of the beautiful and amiable *Agnes*, the Princess of Navarre, and married her. In some few years after, he was again called to the wars, on which occasion he passed himself for a single man on *Ellen*, the sister of a Swiss banneret, his particular friend, who was left for dead on the field of battle, and had recommended her to his protection. When the ardour of his passion for this new object had subsided, he returned home to visit his countess, and in the mean time the Swiss Banneret, who recovered of his wounds, being apprised of the imposition on his sister, came to *Tortola*, and was killed by *Julian* in an attack upon his life. Struck with remorse, and driven by his crimes to despair, *Julian* then repaired to Switzerland in search of *Ellen*; but, at her solemn request, he promised never to see her more. He then commenced a wanderer through the country, but had been for some time an inmate of the convent of St. Bernard, at the time the strange females arrive in that neighbourhood. An attempt made by some robbers upon them brings him to their assistance; he kills one of the banditti, but is mortally wounded in the encounter, by which he rescues the females, one of whom proves to be *Ellen*, whose sorrows had just brought her to the grave, and the other, his wife, *Agnes*, Countess of *Tortola*. A reconciliation takes place, and *Julian* dies, after receiving the forgiveness of *Ellen*, who has just strength to bestow it, and expires.—The prologue, which was delivered by Mr. Powell, represented the play as founded on one of those domestic tales of woe which come home to the heart. The epilogue, spoken by Miss Biggs, was for the most part an eulogy on the heroism of Lord Nelson. Upon the whole it was well received.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR MAY, 1801.

TO A FRIEND.

Written after his Departure to the West Indies,

BY WILLIAM CASE, JUN.

A DIEU my much lov'd friend! adieu for ever!
To thy sweet converse, social mirth adieu!
O thou, whom many an envious league doth sever,
Be thine the lay, to parting friendship due.
Thee my lorn fancy loves to picture, sailing
Across the vast Atlantic's foamy waste,
Each unknown coast in fond idea hailing,
And dreaming joys thou haply ne'er shalt taste.
For ah! to what blest region canst thou wander,
Where scenes than *ours* more fair thy senses greet?
Where canst thou view more healthful streams meander?
Find skies more genial, airs more balmy sweet?
What though the clime thou seek'st, with maize wide
spreading,
Bananas tall, in green luxuriance smile;
What though the citron, richest odours shedding,
With grateful zest the novel taste beguile;—
There many a Briton—cross'd the hostile surges,
The soil scarce trod—hath heav'd his gasping breath;
Tornado there his blasting fury urges,
And arid fever breathes contagious death!

But thou art gone, and vain the voice dissuading :—

Knew'st thou my wish—yet ah ! it may not be—
Edearments past thy visions oftimes aiding,

Thy truant soul would wing its thoughts to me !

Say, when the sun, meridian beams diffusing,

With vivid splendor gilds the clouds thin folds,

Say, wilt thou think, thy friend, like thee, deep mus-
ing,

Though *distant* far, the *selfsame* orb beholds?—

Say, when the breezes sleep on ocean's pillow,

And the calm waters scarcely lave the strand,

Say, wilt thou think, each gently murmuring billow,

Like thee, perchance, hath left thy natal land ?

LINES

Written on visiting a romantic, but obscure hamlet.

BY THE SAME.

ALL hail ye scenes, that glad the wondering view,
Sublime, fantastic, lovely, ever new !
Where art to nature lends a softening power,
And quiet sojourns in her rockroof'd bower ;
Scenes, that bid grief's dark clouds at distance roll,
Scenes, that in golden visions wrap the soul !

What though no Auburn's bard, inspir'd of heaven,
To these fair haunts perennial fame hath given ;
What though they thus have bloom'd from age to age,
(Ne'er character'd in history's blazon'd page)
In humble privacy, unseen, unknown,
Save by a few, whom labour calls her own ;—
Yet are they still to fancy, feeling, dear,
Still prompt th' enthusiast's sadly pleasing tear ;
Still every charm these varying prospects give
In memory's blest elysium long shall live.

At this most pensive hour, when from afar
Still twilight hither guides her shadowy car,
How sweet to mark the sun's deep roseate glow
Rest slowly lingering on yon mountain's brow !
Oft through the vista's of those arching trees,
That woo the kisses of the evening breeze,

A lengthening ray of soft cerulean light
 Now quivering gleams, now vanishes from sight.
 The purpling trefoil, redolent of May,
 The unyok'd steeds, that homeward drag their way,
 The clustering woodbine, peeping from the glade,
 In contrast with the holly's duskier shade,
 The village steeple, tapering to the sky,
 (So should meek faith to heaven uplift her eye!)
 The cotter's lattic'd home, the curling smoke,
 The fading grandeur of yon lonely oak,
 The plummy jubilants' last sweet farewell,
 The simple music of the shepherd's bell,
 The streamlet, gurgling from the cliffs above,
 The milkmaid's song of one, who died for love,
 And voice of echo, heard at every close,*
 All, all inspire a cherublike repose!

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

COME gentle sleep! thou soft restorer come,
 And close these wearied eyes, by grief oppress'd;
 For one short hour, be this thy peaceful home,
 And bid the sighs that rend my bosom rest.
 Depriv'd of thee, at midnight awful hour,
 Oft have I listen'd to the angry winds;
 While busy memory, with tyrant pow'r,
 Would picture faded joys, or friends unkind.
 Or tell of her who rear'd my helpless years,
 But torn away, ere yet I knew her worth;
 How oft, tho' nature still the thought endears,
 Has my worn-bosom heav'd its tribute forth.
 Come then soft pow'r, whose balmy roses fall
 As heavenly manna sweet, or morning dew,
 Beneath thy wings, my troubled thoughts recall,
 And, haply, lend them some serene hue.

Barnard's Inn.

T. G***.

* ¹⁶ A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close."
Collins' Ode on the Passions.

LINES

Written after reading Sermons by the Rev. Edmund Butcher.

BUTCHER, 'tis thine, through each impressive
page,
To pour instruction o'er a trifling age;
By thee, RELIGION, heavenly maid! appears
Inspiring hopes, not nursing causeless fears;
Not frigid, gloomy, sullen, and forlorn,
But bright, and radiant, as a summer's morn!
Each serious duty, every social part,
Is drawn with judgment, by a feeling heart;
Wide through our land, may thy instructive page—
Long be the guide of youth, the prop of age!
From its sweet influence, may my struggling heart
Sustain with firmness every trying part!
View the vain world in each diurnal scene,
With placid temper, and a soul serene!
Then, when the closing hour of life draws near,
And fault'ring nature finds no comfort here,
May faith, with nervous arm, each fear release!
And whispering seraphs say—DEPART IN PEACE!

ANNA.

LINES.

WHEN bright Aurora, with refulgent ray,
From eastern waves proclaims the new-born
day,
Peeps from her saffron bed, and spreads around
Her genial heat, to warm the dewy ground;
The croaking rook salutes the ruddy morn
With clam'rous notes, on sable pinions borne.
The feather'd songsters of the verdant grove,
Tune their harmonious throats to songs of love;
With rapture fill'd, from each surrounding spray,
They welcome in the smiling god of day.
The bleating flocks forsake their dewy bed,
And wake the shepherd from his lonely shed;

The nimble colt trots o'er the prostrate field,
To human force unknowing how to yield—
The ruddy plough-boy, whistling as he goes,
His frequent stripes on lazy beasts bestows;
Whilst yonder course in unison resounds,
With bugle-horns, and loud melodious hounds;
Thus swiftly passes our life's varied scene!
The silent moon spreads round a calm serene;
But Phoebus, with a more enliv'ning ray,
Dispels her fainter orb, and brings the day.

C. STRONG.

LINES,

Addressed to a Lady on her leaving England.

FAREWELL Maria! may each gale that blows,
Waft thee to health, to pleasure and repose!
May halcyon smooth the still, unruffled main,
And fancied dangers be thy all of pain!
But oh! when foreign wonders meet thine eyes,
And foreign beauties charm, and arts surprise;
Should novel pleasures steal into thine heart,
And each new pleasure new desires impart,
Yet still, Maria, still remember, here
Are friends still true, and friends who once were dear;
Still cherish in thine heart affection's flame,
For those now link'd by friendship's sacred name.
Still let thy thoughts revert to Britain's shore,
And treasure up its joys in memory's store;
Its charms, its pleasures, to thy mind recall,
The cheerful converse, and the lively ball:
Then, while the scenes in mental prospect rise,
And fond remembrance streaming from your eyes,
Then think, that all whom once you here have lov'd,
All whom your partial friendship has approv'd,
With undiminish'd ardour think of you,
And still, with anxious eyes, your fate pursue.
Then ah! Maria, sometimes let thy mind,
Revert to those to whom you once was kind;

And still tho' wid'ning oceans roll between,
 Revisit ev'ry friend, and ev'ry scene;
 And, if a youth, not blest with fame or art,
 And boasting nothing, save a grateful heart,
 Can claim one thought beyond the last adieu,
 Still think of William, as he thinks of you.

Stanmore.

T.

THE CHOICE.

SHOULD e'er kind Providence vouchsafe to give
 Me free permission as I'd chuse to live,
 I'd first select some rural, snug retreat,
 With a small cottage, elegantly neat.
 Encircling ivy should its walls entwine,
 The fragrant rose, and lovely jessamine,
 To grace my humble dwelling, should combine.
 Six fertile acres of the richest ground,
 My little mansion should inclose around;
 Whilst the soft murmurs of some purling rill,
 The ravish'd ear with pleasing sounds should fill.
 A pleasant garden too I'd have, well stor'd
 With choicest fruits, to decorate my board;
 And when the mind, from gleasing study free,
 Should seem dispos'd to sociability,
 I'd chuse some friend, who, innocently gay,
 Should with me pass a chearful hour away;
 A friend, of manners gentle, and refin'd,
 The pride, and ornament of human kind!
 Thus bless'd (together with an income clear,
 Of just one hundred sterling pounds a year),
 Secure from want, life's fleeting hours I'd spend,
 In serving God, my neighbour, and my friend:
 Nor envy those, to whom indulgent heav'n,
 Has greater wealth, and better fortune giv'n.

*Market Lavington,
 Wilts.*

JOHN ROBERTS.

ODE TO SOLITUDE,

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE, OF NOTTINGHAM.

SWEET soother of the woe-worn breast,
Relieve my soul by grief oppress,
Now tow'ring prospects fade.
With thee at midnight hour I'll stray,
When night's sweet orb shall cheer my way,
And silver o'er each glade.

There ling'ring near some murmuring stream,
I'll oft indulge sweet fancy's dream,
And soothe my anxious breast:
Whilst the sweet plaintive birds of night,
Instils a pleasing calm delight,
A welcome lovely guest.

While nature's noise is lost in sleep,
And nought disturbs th' unruffled deep,
I'll give my soul to thee.
No worldly cares shall intervene,
Nor ought disturb the tranquil scene,
But Philomel and me.

Thus oft I'll court thy lov'd controul,
Thro' paths that ne'er were trod;
'Till joys ecstatic fill my soul,
And raise my thoughts to God.

ALMERIA;

OR,

THE PENITENT.

(Concluded from page 306, vol. 12.)

IN vain I now assum'd a chaster part,
In vain I struggled with a broken heart,
In vain I try'd to purify my stain,
Correct my life, and rise (reform'd) again:
Pleas'd at the hope, from savage man I flew,
And sought protection from each friend I knew;
Each friend, at my approach, shrunk back with dread,
And bade me hide my pestilential head:

E'en for the meanest servitude I sought,
But nice suspicion at my figure caught,
My dress too flaunting, or my air too free,
And deep reserve betok'ning mystery;
Some frailty rais'd a doubt where'er I came,
And every question flush'd my cheeks with shame;
Conscious of guilt, o'ershadow'd by pretence,
'Twas hard to act the *farce* of innocence.
Oft as I begg'd the lowest servant's place,
The treacherous colour shifted in my face;
The fatal secret glow'd in every look,
Trembling I stood, and falt'ring I spoke.

Next came the views of home into my mind,
With each dear comfort I had left behind;
Pardon and pleasure started to my thought,
While hope inspir'd forgiveness of my fault:
But soon, too soon, the sweet ideas fled,
And left me begging at each door for bread.
Yet poor indeed was this support to me,
(Ah! had I starv'd on common charity!
Far other woes and suff'rings were in store,
My fame was lost and I could rise no more!
Driven to the dreadful precipice of sin,
My brain swam round the gulph and hurl'd me in!
And now no pen could picture my distress,
'Twas more, much more than simple wretchedness;
Famine and guilt, and conscience tore my heart,
And urg'd me to pursue the wanton's part.
Take the plain truth, and learn at once my shame:—
Such my hard fate—I welcom'd all that came.
But oh! no transport mingled with my stains,
No guilty pleasure ever sooth'd my pains;
No vicious hope indelicately gay,
Nor warmer passions lull'd my cares away;
The flattering compliment fatigu'd my ear,
While half afraid, I half conceal'd a tear:
Whole nights I pass'd insensible of bliss,
Lost to the loath'd embrace and odious kiss;
Nor wine nor mirth the aching heart could fire,
Nor could the sprightly music aught inspire;
Alive to each reflection that oppress'd,
The more I gain'd, the more I was distress'd;

E'en in the moment of unblest desire,
 Ott would the wretch complain I wanted fire;
 Cold as a statue in his arms I lay,
 Wept through the night, and blush'd along the day—
 Ah! think what terrors e'er can equal mine!
 Ah! think, and pity, for I once was thine!
 The sweet society of friends was o'er,
 For happier woman dare invite no more;
 And they, at noon, would meet me with alarms,
 Who stole at midnight to my venal arms.
 My own companions no sweet comfort brought,
 A shameful set, incapable of thought;
 Their wanton passions ne'er could touch my heart,
 For all was looseness, infamy, and art;
 No modest maxims suited to improve,
 No soft sensations of a chaster love,
 No generous prospects of a soul refin'd,
 No worthy lessons of a noble mind
 E'er touch'd their bosoms; harden'd to their state,
 Charm'd at their arts, and glorying in their fate,
 Some stroke of frolic was their constant theme,
 The dreadful oath, the blasphemy extreme;
 Th' affected laugh, the rude-retorted lie,
 Th' indecent question, and the bold reply;
 E'en in their dress their business I could trace,
 And broad was stamp'd the harlot on each face;
 O'er every part the shameful trade we spy,
 The step audacious, and the rolling eye;
 The smile insidious, and the look obscene,
 The air enticing, and the mincing mein.
 With these, alas! a sacrifice I liv'd;
 With these the wages of disgrace receiv'd;
 But Heaven, at length, its vengeance to complete,
 Drove me—*distemper'd*—to the public street;
 For on a time, when lightning fir'd the air,
 And laid the sable breast of midnight bare;
 When rain and wind assail'd th' unshelter'd head,
 That sought—in vain—the blessing of a bed,
 Distress'd, diseas'd, I crawl'd to every door,
 And begg'd, with tears, a shelter for the poor!

My knees, at length, unable to sustain
 The force of hunger and the weight of rain,
 Fainting, I fell—then, staggering, rose again—
 And wept, and sigh'd; and hop'd, and rav'd again!

Then, nor till then, o'erwhelm'd by sore distress,
 To my own hand I look'd for full redress;
 All things were apt, no flatt'rer to beguile,
 'Twas night—'twas dark—occasion seem'd to smile;
 Where'er I turn'd, destruction rose to view,
 And, on reflection, rising frenzy grew.
 From foolish love, the knife conceal'd I wore,
 That, in my rage, Alcanor's bosom tore;
 Thought press'd on thought—th' unsettled senses flew,
 As from my breast the fatal blade I drew;
 Still the stain'd point with crimson spots was dy'd,
 And "this is well—'tis blood for blood!" I cry'd:
 Thus did I poise the instrument in air,
 Bent to the stroke and laid my bosom bare;
 But ah! my crimes that instant rose to view,
 Disarm'd my purpose, my resolves o'erthrew;
 Fear shook my hand—I flung the weapon by,
Unfit to live—I was not fit to die!

Ah! wretched woman, she who strays for bread,
 And sells the sacred pleasures of the bed;
 Condemn'd to shifts her reason must despise,
 The scorn and pity of the good and wise;
 Condemn'd each call of passion to obey,
 And in despite of nature to be gay;
 To force a simper, with a throbbing heart,
 And call to aid the feeble helps of art:
 Oblig'd to suffer each impure excess,
 The slave of fancy and the drudge of dress;
 Compell'd to suit her temper to each taste,
 Scorn'd if too wanton, hated if too chaste;
 Forc'd with the public whimsy to comply,
 As veers the gale of modern luxury;
 And oft th' afflicted creature must sustain
 Strokes more severe, yet tremble to complain:
 The felon bawd, a dreadful beast of prey,
 Rules o'er her subjects with despotic sway,

Trucks for the human form, with fatal power,
And bargains for her beauties by the hour.
But should some female in her dang'rous train,
Attend the altar of her shame with pain,
Dispute at length the monster's base controul,
And dare t' assert the scruples of her soul;
Should she reluctant yield to the disgrace,
And shew the signs of sorrow in her face,
Th' imperious abbess frowns her into vice,
And hates the sinner that grows over nice.

But hear, yet hear your hapless daughter's plea,—
Some little pity still is due to me.

If to have felt each agony of mind,
To bear the stings which conscience leaves behind;
If on each morn to shudder at the light,
Dread the fair day, and fear the coming night;
If, like a thief, of every eye afraid,
Anxious I sought the blush-concealing shade;
If my sad bosom, bursting with its weight,
Bled and bewail'd the hardships of my fate;
If to have known no joys, and known all pains,
Can aught avail to purge my former stains,
Judge not your child, your suppliant, too severe,
But veil her frailties and bestow a tear.

Yet has Almeria a juster claim,
To seal her pardon and to close her shame;
Each early trespass nobler to remove,
And hope again the sanction of your love.
These holy mansions*, sacred to our woes,
To screen from scorn, and hide us from our foes;
Gradual the fallen woman to retrieve,
Reform the manners, and the mind relieve,
From barb'rous man to shield his hapless prey,
Expunge the blot, and chace the blush away;
To sooth each sorrow by the power of prayer,
And half supply a parent's pious care;
To hush the flutt'ring pulses to repose,
Each pang to soften, and each wish compose:

* The Magdalen Hospitals.

Wean us from scenes that fatally misguide,
And teach the breast to glow with nobler pride;
These holy mansions have receiv'd your child,
And there she mourns each passion that beguil'd.
Thrice has the sun his annual beams bestow'd,
And found me here determin'd to be good;
Already feels my heart a lighter grief,
And each white minute brings me fresh relief:
Or if, by chance, my sorrows I renew,
Half claim my crimes, and half belong to you;
Here then for ever, secret and resign'd,
Here for its God will I prepare my mind;
Here pass, conceal'd, my penitential days,
And lead a life of piety and praise.

Come then, thou lovely patroness of fame,
Thou bright restorer of a ruin'd name,
Come, fair Repentance! o'er each thought preside,
Patient I follow such a heavenly guide;
To all thy laws implicitly I bend,
And call thee Sister! Saviour! Genius! Friend!
Oh! let me breathe the solemn vow sincere,
Oh! let Religion consecrate each tear!
Then should long life be mercifully given,
The soul repair'd, may dare to think of heaven;
Then cleans'd from every dark and Ethiop stain,
Virtue, that dove of peace, shall come again,
With smoothest wings resettle on my breast,
And open prospects of eternal rest.

And yet, before that golden hour arrive,
Oh! would my injur'd relatives forgive;
Oh! could they see this happier turn of fate,
And view their Magdalen's far chaster state—
Then would they fondly close her fading eye,
Bless her last breath, and bid her peaceful die!

Literary Review.

The History of Bath. By the Rev. Richard Warner.
Robinsons. Quarto. 2l. 2s.

THE author of this performance is already known to the world, by his *Pedestrian Tour into Wales, and into the West of England*. These, though small pieces, have attracted notice by the animation of their style, and the liveliness of their sentiment. He now appears before the public in the higher department of an *historian*—and even *the Historian of Bath*, the most pleasing and fashionable place of resort in the kingdom. In this province he has acquitted himself with ability—great pains seem to have been taken to trace the progress of this city from the earliest times up to its present state of celebrity.

Mr. W. has first of all presented his readers with the British, Roman, Saxon, and Danish, History of Bath—then its ecclesiastical history, all in distinct sections. Afterwards he proceeds to a general description of the city, including a survey of its parishes, hospitals, baths, and amusements. The whole closes with an analysis of its waters, together with a sketch of the mineralogy and botany to be found in its environs. Into an Appendix also, is thrown a vast variety of curious information.

Such is the plan into which our author has distributed his matter—a considerable time must have been requisite to collect together such a quantity of miscellaneous articles, and to form them into this animated mass of composition. To the frequenters of Bath, the volume will afford a high degree of amusement, and,

indeed, all lovers of their country will in its perusal feel no small gratification.

The manner after which researches into antiquity is generally conducted, proves dry and uninteresting—but in the hands of Mr. W. no such complaints can be made. He has decorated the unpromising subject with peculiar felicity. Such was the only mode by which he could secure the gay votaries of fashion for his readers; and such indeed is the only sure way of drawing the attention of the great bulk of mankind.

Under the article of *Amusements* we find several entertaining particulars—particularly a sketch of *Beau Nash*, which will be found in the preceding part of this number. He was in every respect an extraordinary character—and, whatever were his weaknesses, he presided over Bath with the authority of a sovereign, carrying its affairs to a high pitch of prosperity.

It appears that Charles II. in the autumn of 1663, visited Bath, and from that period is dated the epoch of first *drinking* the waters—the practice of *bathing* in them had long before prevailed, even since the time of the Romans, who paid particular attention to this city. Indeed Mr. W. justly rejects the silly account of the British King *Bladud* and *his pigs*—for it has been said, that this *illustrious group* being afflicted with the leprosy, were indebted to these waters for their complete restoration.

The work is dedicated to the *Prince of Wales*, and its engravings are neatly executed. We congratulate the Rev. Mr. Warner on his having employed so well the leisure time which remains after his attention to the duties of his profession. We, however, hope his intelligent and active mind will, in the course of the ensuing summer, lead him again to resume the peregrinations of the *tourist*, for which he is so justly distinguished.

The New Annual Register ; or, General Repository of History, Politics, and Literature, for the Year 1799 ; to which is prefixed the History of Knowledge, Learning, and Taste, in Great Britain, during the Reign of King Charles II. Robinsons. 14s. in boards.

BRITISH and foreign history, public papers, biographical anecdotes and characters, manners of nations, classical and polite criticisms, philosophical papers, antiquities, miscellaneous papers, poetry, together with foreign and domestic literature, form the contents of this ponderous volume, and appear to have been put together with judgment and ability. It is indeed a kind of annual library. We have already given the character of Lord Sandwich from this work, and we may, at some future period, select other articles to adorn and enrich our Miscellany.

Adventures of Musul ; or, The Three Gifts, with other Tales. Vernor and Hood. 1s. 6d.

THESE Adventures are written with good sense and sprightliness, and therefore are well calculated for young people, to whose entertainment they are devoted. The manner of the East is here successfully imitated—and no manner was ever better fitted to arrest and fix the attention.

Edward, a Tale for Young Persons ; principally founded on that much admired performance of the same name by Dr. Moore, and adapted to the Capacities of Youth. By Mrs. Pilkington. Vernor and Hood. 1s. 6d.

EDWARD, by Dr. Moore, is a masterly performance, and Mrs. Pilkington has performed a meritorious work in adapting it to the minds of children.

To use the words of the authoress—"I hold *Edward* up as a polished mirror, in which his companions may behold worth and virtue adorned with manners most calculated to please."

A Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World, accompanied with a Persuasive to Religious Moderation; to which is prefixed an Account of Atheism, Deism, Theophilanthropism, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity, adapted to the present Times. By John Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's Row, Islington. Fifth Edition, with considerable additions and improvements. Crosby and Letterman. 3s. 6d. in boards.

FOUR impressions of this little work having been already sold, its nature and tendency must be pretty well known to the public. We have, therefore, only to state the augmentations and improvements which the present edition has received.

Mr. E. remarks, in his Prefatory Dedication—"In this edition, called for by an indulgent public, articles of some length are *newly* inserted, such as the *Theophilanthropists, Lutherans, New Methodist-Connection, Jumpers, &c.* a few of the old ones have been re-written, such as the *Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, &c.* and to the other denominations, particularly the *Quakers* and *Millenarians*, there have been accessions of matter, either explanatory of their tenets, or illustrative of their history."

It appears, from the *list of sects* at the beginning of the work, that the opinions of near *fifty* are delineated—and the author has endeavoured to observe the strictest impartiality. A large fund of information, therefore, is here to be obtained concerning the present state of the christian world.

The work is decorated with a frontispiece, containing the portraits of Wickliffe, Luther, Calvin, Baxter, Whitfield, Wesley, Penn, and Winchester. They form

an interesting groupe—in their day, each of these celebrated characters moved in an extensive sphere of usefulness and respectability.

The *Reflections*, with which the *Sketch* closes, are intended to promote peace and charity amongst the professors of christianity. The prevalence of such dispositions, cannot fail of advancing the best interests of mankind.

Pious Reflections for every Day in the Month, translated from the French of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. Sixth Edition. To which is now added, a Sketch of the Life of the Author, and Father's Advice to his Son. Symonds. 1s.

THIS pleasing and useful little Manual is here presented to the world in a size and type calculated to arrest the attention. Fenelon was a very pious and ingenious writer—and though a catholic, yet, as appears from this work, drank deep of the genuine spirit of devotion.

The Princess of Persia, addressed to Youth. By I. Porter. With a Frontispiece. Crosby and Letterman. 3s. bound.

THIS piece possesses considerable merit, both as to its design and execution. The incidents are natural, and afford lessons of moral instruction.

Visits to the Aviary, for the Instruction of Youth. Vernor and Hood.

AKNOWLEDGE of nature is particularly pleasing—and suggests proper views of the creation around us. *Birds*, which are the subject of this volume, are here described—and these sketches of the feathered tribes are well adapted to produce good impressions. We would recommend this author to proceed in the delineation of the rest of the animal world.

Tales of the Arbor; or, Evening Rewards for Morning Studies; comprising a Collection of Tales, interesting, familiar and moral. Vernor and Hood. 1s. 6d.

IN these Tales, which are drawn up with ease and simplicity, we observe that kind of variety which is grateful to youthful minds. The title happily suggests the advantages with which diligence on the part of the pupil ought to be rewarded.

The Elements of English Composition, Containing Practical Instructions for Writing the English Language with Perspicuity and Elegance; and designed, in the Progress of Education, to succeed to the Study of English Grammar, and of the Latin and Greek Classics. By David Irving, A M. Hurst. 4s. 6d. bound.

OF late, both in England and Scotland, many eminent writers have employed their pens for the improvement of the English language. Mr. Irving has collected together their sentiments on the subject, adding also his own observations. The work, therefore, ought to be put into the hands of youth, who, intent on the improvement of their minds, are desirous of appearing with advantage in society.

An Excursion to the United States of North America, in the Summer of 1794. Embellished with the Profile of General Washington, and an Aqua-tinta View of the State House at Philadelphia. By Henry Wansey, F. A. S. Second Edition, with Additions. Wilkie. 4s. 6d.

THIS work, which has been before the public for some time, we noticed on its first appearance, and we are happy to find that it has been well received. We bring forward this second edition, because it affords us an opportunity of communicating a few particulars concerning America.

Of all the publications we have looked into concerning the United States, we are best pleased with the publication before us, for its brevity and simplicity. Mr. W. left England March 1794, and returned hither the latter end of July, in the same year. He visited Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Of each of these places a particular sketch is given—and also of the several towns through which he passed in his way thither. Remarks are also interspersed concerning the state of agriculture, and especially the manufactures amongst them. Incidents are also specified, which enliven the narrative, by gratifying the curiosity. His interview with their principal men, both statesmen and merchants, are very entertaining—and the observations in general seem to accord with the condition of a rising country. The emigration of our relatives, friends, and countrymen thither, render such account interesting—though it must be confessed, that most of the emigrants themselves have been disappointed. The comforts of life are not to be easily procured there—and the ravages of the yellow-fever have been peculiarly destructive to foreigners. Add to this, that house-rent, in the large towns, is extremely dear—that servants are often not to be had for money—and, finally, that high-wrought expectations are seldom realised. These circumstances will account for the disappointment which has been experienced respecting America. But labour is sure of being rewarded there—and most of the mechanic arts meet with encouragement. Let us not, however, hastily quit the spot which gave us birth, but exert ourselves at our different posts, for the welfare and prosperity of our country.

Upon the first appearance of the Visitor, we gave our readers Mr. W.'s interview with General Washington. We shall here add two anecdotes respecting the Indians, whose history is at all times calculated to excite attention. "May 23, 1794. I went this morning to breakfast with General Gates, the hero of Saratoga. He has a very pleasant country situation, about three miles from New York,

on the borders of the Sound, from whence you have a good view of Long Island, and the shipping. He received me very hospitably. His wife is a pleasant chatty little woman, of sixty, and described to us a visit paid to them by an Indian warrior, whose dignity of manners, and serious behaviour, were both engaging and respectable. Seeing a servant holding a silver waiter, and carrying the cups thereon, he observed—"the servant was putting it to a wrong use, a hole should have been drilled through it, and it should have been hung round the neck, for then it would have made an excellent breast-plate!" He also remarked on the want of good judgment among the white people, in having their bed-rooms piled on the top of others—"walking upwards (said he) in so unnatural a way, especially when there was so much room on the ground—besides, you were in that situation so easily surprized by the enemy, who could put a fire under you, and burn you while you were asleep!" Many other observations, equally odd, he also made, all of which, I make no doubt, he was convinced were according to the true dictates of nature and common sense, and the fitness and reason of things."

At Philadelphia the other circumstance took place, respecting the Indians, equally curious and impressive.—"Four days before I came to Philadelphia (says Mr. W.) there arrived an embassy from the Cherokee and Creek Indians. I saw some of them (Flamingo and Double Head) walking the streets, followed by a crowd of boys. I intended to have got acquainted with them, and inform them that I was a subject of the great King George, on the other side of the great waters, and that I wished to smoke a calumet with them, and to have procured a belt of wampum. But when I heard that Flaming's (the tall stout fellow I saw), had bragged publicly that he had in his time shed human blood enough to swim in, I was so much shocked, that I never wished to see them any more. They all lodged (about twenty men and women) in a kind of barn, at the west end of High-street, not far

from the new mansion building for the president. Some of the Indians, when they get rum, will drink till they fall down senseless on the spot, where they will lie, with hardly any motion, for ten or twelve hours—then rise as if out of a profound sleep, still stupid, and, if they can get it, will repeat the dose again, till they fall into the same situation. It seems the immoderate and general use of spirits is the greatest cause of their depopulation."

With respect to the new city of WASHINGTON, whither the government has been lately removed from Philadelphia, Mr. W. did not visit it, but has, nevertheless, obtained information respecting it. "The whole area of the city consists of upwards of 4000 acres. There is to be a national university erected there, as well as the mint, pay-office, treasury, supreme courts of justice, residences for the ambassadors, in short, all the public offices. The city is to be built after a plan laid down for every street, of a fine white stone found in the neighbourhood, equal to Portland. Each house is to be forty feet from the ground to the roof, in all the principal streets, which are to be from 70 to 100 feet wide. The first street was formed upon an exact meridian line, drawn for the purpose by a Mr. Ellicot, which passes through the capital, the seat of the legislature, on an eminence, from whence the street diverges into radii in every direction. It has, therefore, the full command of every quarter of the city."

"The great projector of this city was the great WASHINGTON himself! Early in life he contemplated the opening of this river from the tide-water (within three miles of the city), up to nearly its source. His public employments in the part of the country through which the Potomack and its branches run, had given him a more complete knowledge of this river than almost any other man possessed at that time, and his mind was strongly impressed with its future importance; but the period for undertaking a work of such magnitude had not yet arrived. The country was yet but thinly inhabited, and canals and locks but little

understood in America. General Washington, however, kept this object always in view, waiting until time and circumstances should enable him to bring it forward with success."

Mr W. then traces the advantages attending the situation of Washington—and concludes with this sensible remark—"All these circumstances clearly mark its road to future greatness, but yet, for many years to come, it will, like many others of their large undertakings, be a body without a soul. Many of their schemes, I observe, are highly speculative, and not the result of that necessity which gives strength and energy to our plans in Europe. This was the sentiment that generally struck me most forcibly, as I travelled through the States—the appearance every where of vast outlines, with much to fill up!" We believe this to be a very just description of the United States of America.

A Praxis of Logic, for the Use of Schools. By John Collard. Johnson. 5s.

EVER since the time of the immortal Locke, the human mind has been analysed with great attention. That philosopher put to flight the jargon of the schools—which had for ages tyrannised over the understandings of mankind. Dr. Watts also, and Professor Duncan, of Aberdeen, produced two excellent systems of logic, which met with a very favourable reception. We, however, wish to avail ourselves of every improvement, and accordingly bring forward the work before us, to the notice of our readers.

This *Praxis*, or Epitome, was first published under the assumed name of *Drallor*, which is nothing but the name of the author reversed. The matter is arranged under the form of questions and answers, in conjunction with appropriate illustrations. We, therefore recommend the publication, particularly to young people, for whose use it is intended. We applaud every

effort to promote clearness of conception—it is a most valuable acquirement, and worthy of the utmost attention. For the want of it, great confusion has been created in every species of controversy—nor can we, in such a case, expect that disputes will ever arrive to an amicable termination. The proper exercise of the human powers is essential to the discovery of truth, and thus lays a broad basis for the peace and happiness of mankind.

The Life of Rolla, a Peruvian Tale. With Moral Inculcations for Youth. By the Author of the Siamese Tales. To which are added Six Peruvian Fables.

THE play of Pizarro, so justly famed among us, has excited a curiosity respecting Rolla, who is here amply described. Indeed, the author has taken the liberty of indulging his imagination on the subject, and in a manner which commands our approbation. Fiction has often been usefully displayed for the conveyance of moral wisdom—and generally with effect. The *Peruvian Fables* also are instructive, and may be read with pleasure. It is commendable to take every opportunity of imbuing the minds of children with the love of virtue and piety. The temptations to evil are numerous—and vice has been compared to a declivity, down which the transgressor rushes to destruction. Parents and instructors are therefore striving to keep the young steady in the narrow, but safe and pleasant path of uprightness and integrity.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR MAY, 1801.

AS in our last number we recorded the celebrated naval fight, near Copenhagen, so we have now to detail what our land forces have effected upon the plains of Egypt. Rumours respecting this business had been long afloat—the public mind was become considerably agitated—doubt, however, has at length given way to certainty.

On the 15th of May, dispatches were received and published by government—the contents of which shall be detailed—they contain a large portion of interesting information.

It appears that the French, on the 21st of March, attacked our army near Alexandria, with nearly their whole collected force, amounting probably to eleven or twelve thousand men. The action commenced just before day-light. They were received by our troops with equal ardour, and the utmost steadiness. The contest was unusually obstinate, for the enemy were twice repulsed, and their cavalry repeatedly mixed with our infantry. They at length retired, leaving a prodigious number of their dead and wounded on the field.

In this terrible engagement SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE was wounded, and died on the 28th of March. The expressions which General Hutchinson uses in his dispatch, relative to this article, are so expressive, that they shall be transcribed.—“I believe he was wounded early, but he concealed his situation from those about him, and continued in the field giving his orders, with that coolness and perspicuity which had ever marked his character, till long after the action was over, when he fainted through weakness and loss of blood. Were it permitted for a soldier to regret any one who has fallen in the service of his country, I might be excused for lamenting him more than any other person;

but it is some consolation to those who tenderly loved him, that as his life was honourable, so was his death glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country—will be sacred to every British soldier—and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity!”

Upon this high encomium, the editor of a print has these just observations—“The tribute of respect paid to the memory of SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, is not more universal, or sincere, than deserved. What we, however, deem distinguishing excellencies of his character, and which have not been sufficiently observed, are his independent mind and his humane disposition. Bravery is only a secondary quality, and we feel little esteem for the man who, without considering whether a cause be just or not, can display his courage in the destruction of his fellow-creatures. But when, in the character of a commander, humanity, and a noble independence of mind, are united with bravery, then the character of the man, as a general, is complete, and such a man was—SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.”*

In this bloody battle we are thought to have lost *fifteen hundred* men, and the French about *three thousand*. General Hutchinson closes his letter with remarking—“I cannot conclude this letter without solemnly assuring you, that in this arduous contest, his majesty’s troops in Egypt have faithfully discharged their duty to their country, and nobly upheld the fame of the British name and nation.”

Since the above intelligence, no account has reached us of further operations, though it is probable, that by this time, it is determined whether

* See vol. 8, p. 109, an interesting account of the life of this distinguished character, accompanied with a capital portrait.

the French or the British are destined to hold possession of Egypt.

At home few occurrences have arisen to interest our attention. One circumstance, however, must impart substantial joy, and will alleviate the distress which arises from the tidings of carnage and destruction. This is the *reduction of the price of CORN*—we hope it will continue, and that Heaven will bless us with an abundant harvest. *Peace* and *plenty* are the wishes of every good citizen—and may these wishes be speedily and lastingly realised!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST.*

FOR MAY, 1801.

May 7. **T**HE anniversary meeting of the subscribers to the literary fund for the relief of distressed authors and their families, was held at the Free Mason's Tavern, Sir James Bland Burgess in the chair. The fund is now above 1000*l.* a year, and it is most faithfully administered. Relief is given to men of genius, depressed by age, indisposition, or penury, with the most delicate regard to their feelings. A number of donations were announced—several life subscribers of ten guineas—and a long list of annual subscribers. The Duke of Somerset was nominated to be chairman for next year, which his grace cheerfully accepted. Songs, glees, &c.† enlivened the festivity of the day.

8. A waterman's boy cleaning his boat at Cherry Gardens Stairs, and playing with a Newfoundland

* This article, which appeared in our first number for this year, was discontinued merely through a press of matter—it is now resumed, and shall be attended to with exactness and regularity.

† Our next number will contain some pieces of very considerable merit recited at this meeting.

dog, both fell overboard—the boy fell in so deep water that he did not rise. Stones being thrown in where the lad sunk by the people from the bank, the dog dived, and, instead of the stone, brought up the lad by the arm, who was speedily recovered and restored to his friends.

13. The sentence of *Kydd Wake*, the journeyman printer, for insulting his majesty going to the house, having expired, he was discharged on giving 1000*l.* security for good behaviour during ten years.

14. Mrs. Payne, the baker, who died in Peterstreet, Westminster, was a very singular character. Her clothing was in general truly eccentric; her outside habit chiefly consisting of a blanket made in the shape of a morning-gown. She was also extremely saving in her diet; subsisting on the raspings of her customers loaves. Yet, notwithstanding, she was very charitable to the poor. She persisted in sitting in her shop to the last moment of her existence, and expired under her counter, in the 88th year of her age.

15. An account was received from the Cape of Good Hope, that an incredible number of peacocks had made their appearance there, and committed great depredations — so much so, that the government of the colony have been induced to issue a proclamation, requiring all farmers and others to destroy the peacocks, wherever they meet with them.

16. A curious case came on at the quarter sessions at Wells, which engaged the attention of a very full bench and crowded court. It was for an assault committed by John Stempelle, Esq. on the Rev. T. Dyer, of Crewkerne, late of St. John's College, Cambridge. But it appearing by the prosecutor's evidence, that it happened at a very late hour, after he had drank part of twenty bowls

of punch and seventeen shillings worth of beer, and smoaked more than ten pipes of tobacco, the court marked its sense of the prosecution, by fining the defendant *one farthing!*

17. After the grand ploughing-match in Clackmananshire, Scotland, where 105 started, and the prizes were adjudged, the society dined together, and spent the day in great harmony. Amongst many appropriate toasts, was drank the following one, replete with sense and humanity. It was one in which every lover of his kind would join—"To that thrice happy day, when the desolating sword shall be beat into ploughshares!"

20. A singular robbery occurred at Norwich. An Irish dragoon, with an iron bar forced open the door of a wine-cellar in the city. The watchmen examine every door and window as they pass their rounds, and finding this open (which was closely shut half an hour before), readily conjectured that some person was in the cellar, and, after calling for some time, the dragoon appeared. When the constable asked him what he did there, he answered—"Oh, by J——, let me come up—for I came in here by *mistake!*"

21. The king has been pleased to grant the dignity of a Viscount of the United Kingdom of Great Britan and Ireland, to the Right Hon. HORATIO Baron NELSON, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Viscount NELSON of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk.

22. A resolution has been made to grant 2000l. per annum, to Lady Abercrombie, now created Baroness of Aboukir, with remains to the two next heirs male, lawfully begotten. Such are the rewards which await deceased valour and bravery.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

J LINKER, late of Liverpool, woollen-draper.
J. W. Aschcroft, Knowsley, Lancashire, earthenware-manufac. T. Kemp, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, flax-dresser. W. Stonehewer and W. Davies, Manchester, fustian-manufac. David Lloyd, Oxford-street, silversmith. T. Julian, Old Brentford, Middlesex, money-scrivener. H. Cooper, Sandwich, Kent, linen-draper. Vincent D'Oliveira, Princes-street, London, merchant. J. Healy, Laystall-street, Middlesex, brewer. Samuel Trash, Oxford, grocer. James Griffiths, Fleetmarket, London, vintner. Rich. Parker, Little Argyle-street, Middlesex, fishmonger. Esther Bull, Grosvenor-Mews, Middlesex, hackneywoman. J. Beriman, Brewer-street, Pimlico, Middlesex, florist. T. Barnes, Fleet-street, London, stationer. Wm. Redward, Walworth, Surrey, carpenter. J. Collier, late of Chorley, Lancashire, cotton-manufac. D. Phillips, Oxford-street, stable-keeper. J. B. Wienholt, Old Swan, London, merchant. S. Gazeley, Great Queen-street, merchant. T. Bristow, Haymarket, boot-maker. T. Dunsterville, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, shipwright. W. Porter, Kidderminster, baker. J. C. H. Garbers, Liverpool, merchant. B. Israel, Heneage-lane, Houndsditch, butcher. J. Scofield, Basinghall-street, factor. W. Thompson, Alton, Southampton, weaver. W. Perrins, Pedworth, Warwickshire, maltster. W. Scofield, Portsea, Southampton, taylor. T. Cooper, Sharples, Lancashire, shopkeeper. R. Aldridge, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, clothier. J. Baron, Blachley, Lancashire, manufac. G. Robinson, Hunslet, Yorkshire, cloth-merchant. W. Birkby, Brookhouses, Yorkshire, card-maker. W. Dowbiggin, Lancaster, merchant. R. Haxell, Eton, Buckinghamshire, corn-dealer. N. N. M. Jackson and G. Bartlett, Gerard-street,

Soho, ironmongers. E. Coveney, St. Mary-at-Hil, Lower Thames-street, victualler. G. Riley, London-road, Southwark, printer. Jos. Mason, Holborn, hosier. T. Patience, New Broad-street, stone-mason. H. Marks, High-street, St. Giles's, silversmith. Ja. Lloyd, Audlem, Cheshire, grocer. Ja. Comper, St. Pancras, Chichester, linen-draper. T. and J. Cortis, Grimsby, Lincolnshire, grocers. R. Beck, Gloucester, innkeeper. Benj. Clay, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, linen-draper. J. Clark, Shoe-lane, carpenter. J. Kayll, Great St. Helen's, money-scrivener. W. Bud-dle, jun. Chenies-street, St. Giles's, carpenter. T. Fenner, West Wycombe, Bucks, shopkeeper. F. La-rard, Manchester, liquor-merchant. J. Jackson, Man-chester, muslin-manufacturer. T. Hancock, Kings-wood, Wiltshire, clothier. F. Robbins, Deretend, near Birmingham. W. Holmes, Pudsey, Yorkshire, drysalter. Thomas Kelly, Bristol, cordwainer. John Harrison, Sunderland, Durham, ship-owner. Wm. Thomson, Great Portland street, coal-merchant. Rich-ard Holden, Birmingham, gun-maker. Samuel Went, jun. Liverpool, merchant. Wm. Bincham, Totten-hamcourt-road, glass-seller. Jos. Wilks, heretofore of Walbrook, London, afterwards of Crutched-friars, and now of Hamburgh, merchant. Adam Gregory, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, tailor. John Bar-ton, Davies-street, Hanover-square, horse-dealer. Benjamin Blyth, Birmingham, woollen-draper. W. Barker, S. Field, and A. Field, Leeds, wool-staplers. John Hodson, Bristol, grocer. George Harris, Bris-tol, grocer. Wm. Hewlett and Wm. Bember, Bristol, dealers. George Anderson, Bury St. Edmunds, Suf-folk, innkeeper. Wm. Eades, Deretend, Warwick-shire, silver-plater. Wm. Cook, Warley, Essex, corn-chandler. Jonathan Shaw, Bolton, Lancashire, cotton-manufac. Thomas Bedford, Sutton, Berkshire, paper-maker. W. Chown, Higham-Mills, Northamp-tonshire, miller. J. Allgood, Gloucester, mercer. D. Rencher, Carey-lane, Wood-street, velvet, ribbon, and fancy hat-manufac. H. Dale, Leeds, Stafford-

shire, grocer. G. Morville, Lancaster, merchant.
J. Moorhouse, the younger, Bolton-le-Moors, cotton-
manufacturer.

BIRTHS.

Of sons: Lady Charleville, in Dublin; the
Ladies of E. B. Portman, Esq. at Bryanston; of
J. Denison, Esq. M. P. in Harley-street; of T. N.
Parker, Esq. of Hatton-Grange; of S. Tempest,
Esq. of Broughton-Hall; of the Right Hon. C.
Canning, at the pay-office; of Sir H. Popham, in
York-place. Mrs. Long, of Finsbury-square. Of
daughters: the Countess of Talbot, at Ingestree;
Lady Dallas, in Harley-street; Ladies of C. C.
Stanley, at York; of E. Long, Esq. in Wimpole-
street; of A. Trotter, Esq. at Blackheath; of J.
Musgrave, Esq. in Wimpole-street; Mrs. Pope,
of Covent-Garden; a baker's wife, at Milbank,
of three girls and one boy.

MARRIAGES.

Mrs. Wilkinson, the rich Oxfordshire widow
of 80, to Mr. Connor Field, an Hibernian, of 25.
The Hon. Lieut. Col. Fitzroy, to Miss Clark, sis-
ter of the baronet. J. Dupree, Esq. of Wilton
Park, to Miss Maxwell, daughter of the baronet,
and niece to the Duchess of Gordon.

DEATHS.

At Sellaby, the Hon. F. Vane, uncle to Lord
Darlington, and deputy-treasurer to Chelsea Hos-
pital. General Cyrus Trapaud, aged 87, colonel
of the 52d regiment of foot, and the oldest general
in his majesty's service, in which he served 67
years. At Maisonette, near Totness, Rear Ad-
miral Hicks. Dr. Heberden, in Bunhill-row. Dr.
Bossy, in Gower-street.

To Correspondents.

We have received the packet from J. C. and have examined the contents. *The Stronger* will find an *asylum* in the *Monthly Visitor*. We recommend our Correspondent to pursue this mode of writing. The introduction of such characters as the Fisherman, Village Schoolmaster, &c. &c. is very agreeable, and we shall always be happy in paying attention to similar communications; with the addition of two or three articles of this description, the proprietors will honour the writer by publishing them in a neat and handsome volume, accompanied with suitable engravings.

The *Life of Lysurgus*, &c. has probably been mislaid, in the transfer of the *Monthly Visitor* into the hands of the present proprietors.

We thank *Theodore* for his good wishes, and shall be happy to hear from him: This hint has already been adopted.

The Poetical Solutions by J. Coles are inadmissible.

Several favours have been received, which the respective Correspondents will find attended to.

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JOHN ELWES, ESQ.^R

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